

SENIOR PIVOT FEB. '25



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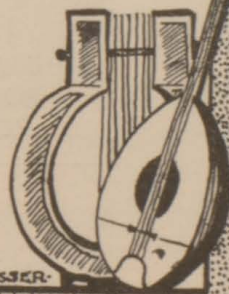
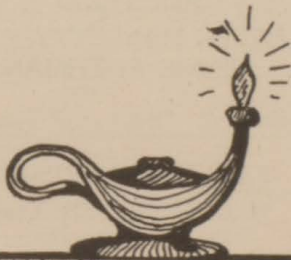




THE PIVOT

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LASSER

THE PIVOT

NEWARK,

FEBRUARY, 1924

NEW JERSEY

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CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK, N. J.

No. 9

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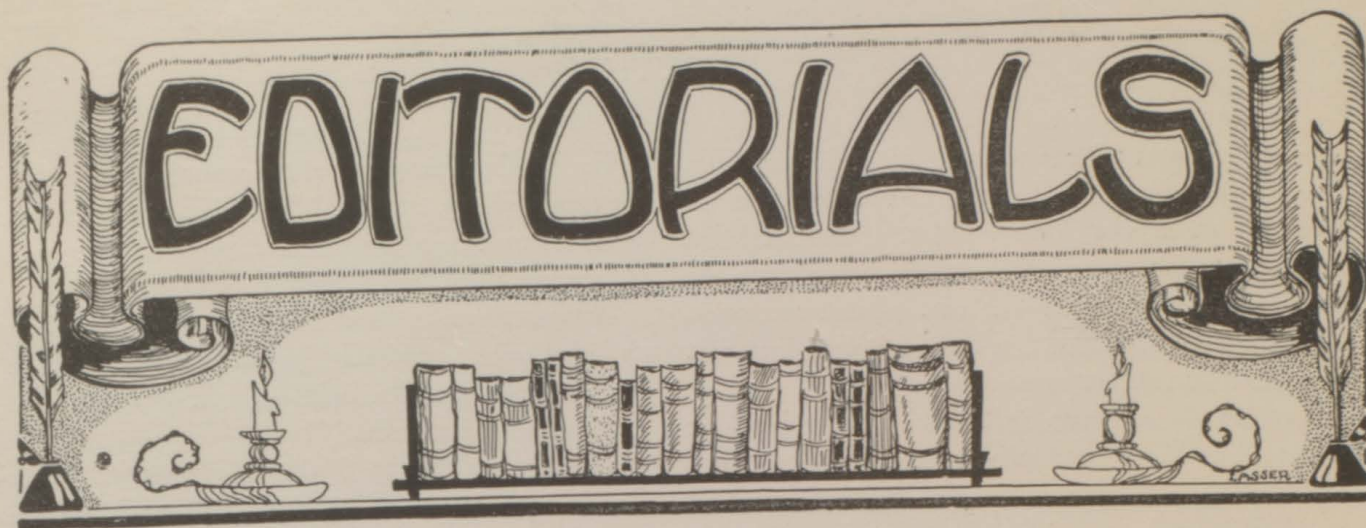
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TAKE HEED, CENTRALITES!

We have all heard the statement that the brain is an intricate machine which needs sufficient oiling to keep it running smoothly.

Going to school daily is the equivalent of taking your brains out to dinner.

Of course the quality of the brain and its size are wholly dependent on the sort of diet it subsists on.

Here in Central High School is offered the finest kind of diet obtainable for the development of the mind. Naturally, the diet should not be ignored.

If taken in the prescribed quantities and taken regularly from the very start of your high school career to its finish, a great change will be noticed.

We have the best of doctors here in school, our Faculty. These brain specialists are unselfishly devoting their time and energy to you, their patients—or shall we say, their patients' brains. The trouble seems to lie in the fact that the patient often neglects the doctor's orders.

Wake up, Centralites! Your job is to come to school, and when at school, to make the best of the books and classes—by preparation—from which you will soon find yourself benefited.

Let our password be "Bigger and Better Brains."

—H. S.

A WARNING TO GRADUATES

What is wealth? Wealth is an enormous amount of coin which carry with them little germs to poison the beautiful ideas of mankind.

We graduates, who are about to be permitted to enter this large commercial world, must not be affected by that contagious disease which makes one forget all the beautiful gifts of life.

Of course, we must have enough money to afford us our existing wants and a few necessary luxuries. But at the same time one must remember to strive for education, culture, comprehension of political events, appreciation for arts and understanding of music.

How despicable becomes the element of exchange

when one decides that it alone can bring happiness in this world!

Let us be practical but at the same time remember that happiness cannot be bought!

There are so many beautiful offerings in God's world which cannot be bought for dollars.

As well as developing our mental abilities we must develop our characters and make ourselves admirably ideal.

Recognized, shall we then be as worthy Central students who have acquired their fundamentals in our dear "Alma Mater."

—S. K.

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YOUTH

Youth, youth! How often do we hear our elders exclaim with sorrow and regret that their days of youth are gone, gone forever. Most of them feel that their earlier days were the sweetest. For them the years of their teens hold the most pleasant memories. Thousands treasure their first love and other long past incidents with reverent care.

But frankly speaking, isn't youth most unbearable to those who still possess such! Youth does not know the hardships of the world. It does not know its fraud or its evils.

But is it not easier to accustom one's self to conditions already experienced than to come face to face with new difficulties of life?

One finds himself at the age of seventeen, eighteen and nineteen feeling life's burden unbearable, most severe and by far—impossible!

For the first few years of the maturing lad or lassie life seems quite a tragedy. Suicide in any form seems an easier task than the trials of work and the denial of freedom.

But when one is about to end his years and forget all hope, some undesirable happening takes upon itself a new light—a brighter light—a light of promise.

Too bad the moment is lost.

Now let us stop to think for a moment. Is this world so terrible a place after all? No, no, fortunately, life is composed of two spheres—Heaven and hell. It is made up of evil and good. One may be assured that this world can be made a pleasant or an unpleasant place to live in. Why not make it pleasant?

—S. K.

OLD FRIENDS

Johnny Kanelous of the class of November 1922, stopped in to see me the other day. Good old skate, Jawn is. Wouldn't talk about himself. Had to drag it out of him. He is at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia. Men like Whistler, Sargent, and Parrish studied there. Looks good for Johnny.

By the way, Sol Schary is a room mate of his. Both expect to continue their studies in Europe.

Also heard from Robert Caruba, president of the class of June, 1920. It seems that Caruba is on the receiving end of oodles of congratulations from his friends, having just passed his C. P. A. exams. Good stuff, Robert. Keep up the splendid work.

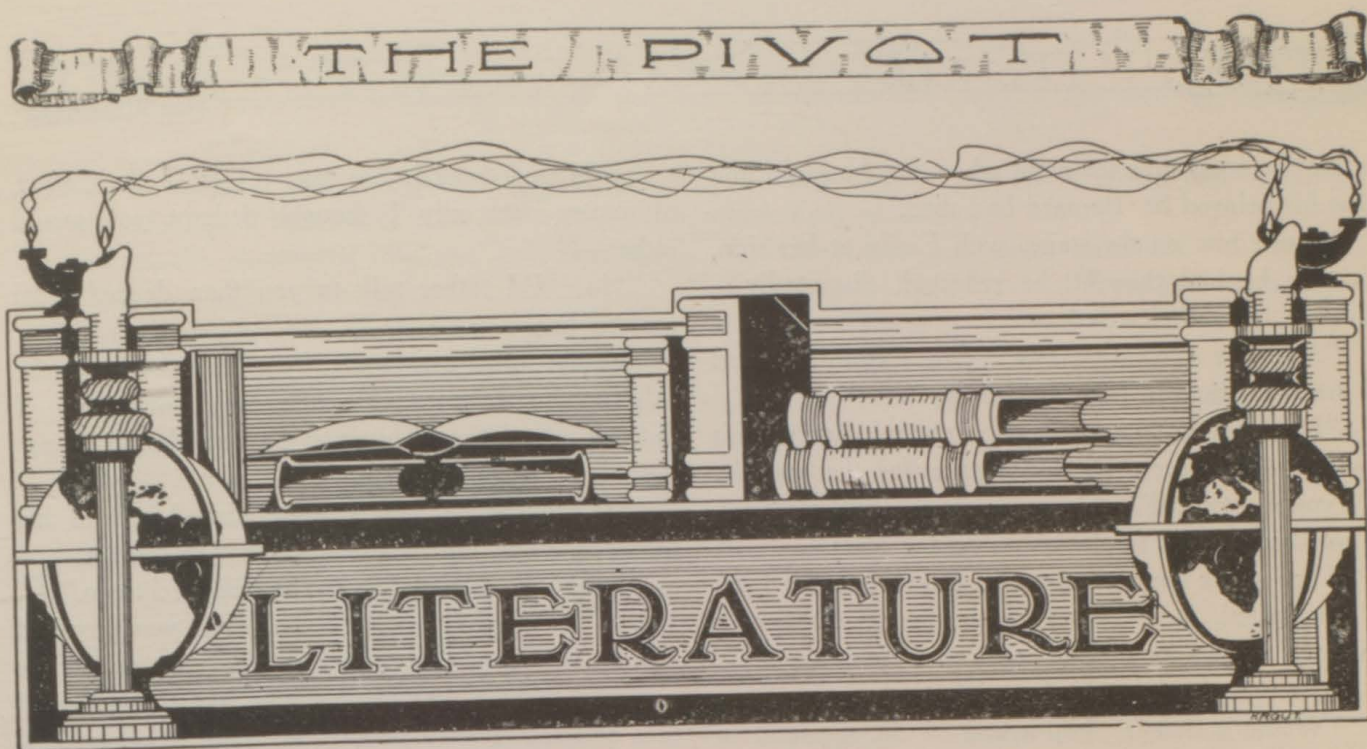
—H. S.

SPLENDID

It seems that it is not only the students who are doing splendid work in Central. In the anniversary number of the PIVOT, Miss Allen of the stenographic department faculty, kindly submitted an article entitled "Artistic Arrangement." Recently "The

Gregg Writer," a commercial publication, requested permission to use the article.

It is very gratifying to all of us to hear that our faculty are being appreciated by not only us, but outsiders also.



THE AWAKENING

By Florence H. Braelow

I'm not going and that's final! Final! Understand? An angry flush crept over Hal's handsome face as he spoke the words.

And you ARE going, and THAT'S final! Betty and Vi, twin sisters, almost screamed in harmony.

Hal was handsome, that fact could not be disputed. Yes, he was handsome in his way. Tall, broad-shouldered with black curly hair that accentuated his dark, sun-burned faced.

His twin sisters were also good-looking. Both were blondes; both had blue eyes; both were popular; and both insisted that their brother Hal attend the dance that their school was running.

Hal was not natural. He didn't exactly hate those of the "weaker sex," but he simply could not tolerate them. "Light-headed flappers, all for looks, none for sense," he would curse beneath his breath. "Catch me attending that dance or any other dance. Why, my frat is running some sort of fool social, and I'm not going to go to that one either," Hal said.

But Betty and Vi were insistent. "Now Hal, listen please—" Vi was pleading. "Emily is coming down from Northville for the dance Friday night. Everyone is paired up, and you are going to escort Emily. She is relying upon you to do so. Now you can't refuse to take her, can you?"

"Who told you to pair me off with any girl?" You know my opinion of these dances and those flappers. I bet Emily is a typical, what do you call it—flapper?"

"Hal! You are discouraging," Betty replied. "Why, you would make a hit at any dance; you have the gift of dancing and you are handsome, and still you insist on making yourself disagreeable."

Hal scowled. "It's my affair. Senseless little things prowling about nowadays. I wish I could come across one who is sensible."

"I am going to 'phone Emily right now, and tell her that everything is all right! S'long."

Hal jumped to follow her—but Betty had locked the door.

* * * *

Friday night! A scurry in the living room.

Hal was in his room, fully dressed. The worst had come to the worst—he had to escort that creature Emily. He had already made a mental vision of her, rouged, powdered, crimped, curled, jeweled; all things that he hated.

"Hal! Oh, Hal! What is keeing you! Do hurry!" This came from Vi. He rose reluctantly, and trudged down the carpeted steps slowly. He was

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in the same mood as the night when they had told him that his beloved St. Bernard had died.

Vi met him on the stairs, with Emily at her side. Just as he had thought, he reflected, disgustedly—painted, rouged, jeweled—

"And this is Emily. She is from Northville, and I am sure you will both get on fine."

"I am not so sure." Hal murmured, beneath his breath, as he surveyed his partner for the evening. "Typical—typical"—his inner voice kept saying—"light-headed, all for looks—none for sense."

They shook hands. Her eyes lingered on his face. "Dee-lighted, indee eed, a pleasssuure," she cooed, sweetly. Same here" Hal said, ungraciously.

Vi returned. "Jack is here. Let's be going."

"Where is Betty?" Hal asked. "Oh, she went on before—she's on the arrangement committee, you know," Vi assured him. "Oh, do hurry—it is very late as it is."

In the cab, Hal was wondering. He wished that this Miss Winston, Emily, would lift her mask. He had a keen desire to see her face. That she was pretty, Hal had no doubt. Her eyes had told him that.

She danced divinely. Lightly and gracefully she interpreted the rhythm of the music with her tiny feet.

He asked her to dance again, and again. He would not admit, had anyone asked him, that he was actually enjoying himself, and that this little typical flapper with whom he was dancing, pleased him.

The next dance they sat out. She could talk, this little painted, rouged, jeweled flapper. Yes, she could talk and very interestingly, too. There was not a subject that Hal would mention that she could not discuss full. "A well informed miss, indeed," he at length admitted to himself.

Her voice sounded familiar. He tried hard to place it, but could not, and then he dismissed the idea. They had only met that evening. He had never heard that voice before.

"Lift your mask, Emily. Please." He was angry with himself because he was already calling her by her given name.

"Not just now. Later on, Hal." She said sweetly, and then, "Come, the dance is beginning and I just *adore* a spot-light dance."

"No. I would rather sit it out with you—that is if you don't mind. You talk divinely."

Emily sank back in her seat. "No, I don't mind, of course not; only I thought perhaps you would rather—"

"No. I'd rather talk to you than dance," Hal assured her.

"Emily," Hal was saying, "our frat, you know, the Alpha Rho, is running a little social tomorrow. I did not intend to go, but you have made me change my mind. Will you come?"

Hal thought he saw a smile flicked around her pretty bow lips, but then decided that he did not.

"I guess so; in fact I would be delighted to go."

For a while they sat in silence. Hal was surprised that he felt so at ease with her. He was even more surprised that he was beginning to like that powered face and the jeweled hands, and those repelling, reddened lips. He was doubly surprised when he found that he was beginning to love her. With an effort he whispered, "Lift your mask, Emily!"

"Why do you want me to raise my mask?" she asked, quite innocently.

"Because," Hal paused, "because I love you; adore you. Since I met you tonight I am beginning to like the modern girl, with her numerous faults. Emily, I love you; do raise your mask."

She lowered her head. Hal thought that she did so to hide the sweet girlish blushed that arose in her cheeks as he spoke the loving words. How could he tell, that she had lowered her head to hide the laughter and the giggles that surged within her?

She extended her little white hand, and began to stroke his hair in a loving manner. Then she spoke. "Hal, I love you. I have loved you ALL MY LIFE."

"All your LIFE?" he asked in amazement. "Why we only met tonight."

"No, no, Hal; you are surely mistaken," and she laughed very loudly.

Hal's face became a blank. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Emily" tore the mask from her face and sitting in the pale starlit night with her head held high, sat none other than Betty, Hal's sister.

* * * *

It took exactly one week before Hal spoke to his sisters. The week had been one of torture. Betty

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kept saying at every meal, "I love you, Emily, you are the only one I have loved and you are—" and she was usually interrupted with an "Aw, shut up!" from Hal.

Then one night, after things had cooled down a bit he said, "Betty, what was the grand idea?"

"Why, Hal, it was just to prove to you that you would enjoy a dance with a pretty girl, and we wanted you to attend that social your frat is giving."

"How about Emily from Northville? Or isn't there such an animal?"

"There sure is," Betty answered. "You see I thought she would have a dead time with you so Jimmie agreed to escort her."

"Oh," and Hal sat silent for a few minutes.

"Betty," he said after some thinking, "do you think Emily would like to go to that social my frat is running tomorrow night?"

LOOK PLEASANT

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good!
We are sure now and then to be lonesome,
And we don't always do as we should,
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful, is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although we feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the work and look cheerful,
The work will soon smile back at you;
So try to brace up and look pleasant,
Even if luck's cast you down
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown.

—Carrie. Gottlieb.

TO MY DEPARTED LOVE

By Kenneth McKnafee, D.M.

I looked! I mused! I laughed! I wept!
While memories came back to me,
Fragments of faded years that crept,
And added to my agony.

I looked!
(My heart into my eyes did creep.)
Before me lay her picture old;
Her smile—the lustre in her eye,
Her tempting lips—her hair spungold;
Charm that through ages seems to be
Taunting me with its purity.

I mused!
Pain-bringing thoughts of years gone by,
Of blessed Youth in bloom of Life;
Of lovers trysts—of love so pure,
That tho' beset by Doubt or Strife,

That tho' all fires of Hope should die,
Unblemished it shall endure.

I laughed!
(Laughter nourished by Grief and Fear)
Oh righteous God—take all I have!
Carry on, Fate—sneer not at me!
Laugh—for I am childish—laugh
To be consoled by naught but tears,
And sanctify her memory.

I wept!
Dear love of mine for strength I pray,
To live my life so purely white,
That when my stay on earth is done
No blots of false thoughts it could blight
And He—the Divine Judge—would say
"Unite, soul-mates, and become one."

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"WHAT THE SEA GIVETH THE SEA ALSO TAKETH"

By Anna Kulis

On one of the South Sea Islands a quivering old savage slowly intoned. The wide-eyed natives gazed wonderingly toward the all-powerful sea.

The recent tragedy had bewildered them. Star of the Sea had left as suddenly as she had appeared, and to the brown skinned natives, for as mysterious a reason. Had not the White God rescued the sea's foundling? Had he not grown with her and loved her from her fairy-like babyhood to her glorious womanhood.

Fifteen years ago, a lithe, half-naked, tanned-skinned boy of twelve years ran gayly on the golden shore dancing out of sheer exuberance in his happiness. He would have a companion. A little playmate, God was good, for had he not delivered little Stella unto him?

Companions—yes, indeed, they were companions, in spite of their nine or ten years difference.

Mr. Joyce, the father of the boy, seeking solace for the death of his wife, had roamed to this God-forsaken isle, and had lavished his love and knowledge upon his son Ralph and his daughter, as he called Stella.

The death of this splendid man left all responsibilities to Ralph. The youth had always anticipated marriage with Stella; but, she told him she loved him

only as a sister, and therefore marriage was quite impossible.

Many a moon witnessed, "Dear, can't you love me? Are you sure you couldn't love me?"

"But I do Ralph, dear; of course I do."

"You know what I mean, Stella; not the love that a sister can lavish, but the love a wonderful woman like you are capable of giving."

It was just on such an occasion that Stella upon looking up, witnessed a frightful scene, the crashing of a ship against a rock.

Somehow the wreck in the sea pressaged death to his hopes.

It seemed hours later that Stella knelt eagerly at the side of the beautiful young God the sea had brought as an offering. Stella felt a quiver surge through her body; a new life seemed to open before her.

Months passed and the idyllic life that Ralph and Stella had lived passed with them. It was not long before Stella left with her lover for her new home in America.

Ralph paid the toll the sea demanded. He threw as a recompense to the avaricious sea his now empty and useless life.

The sea giveth and the sea taketh away, murmured the sage to the saddened natives.

FEAR

By Kenneth McKnafee, D.M.

Fear, be not proud, though thou art known,
Cowards to breed where thy seeds are sown,
For will not Time, though old and grey,
Quickly wipe thy power away?
Art thou not victim of Courage and Hope?
Wilt thou not like a blind man grope?

When brave men free themselves from thee,
Like a flinched thief away ye flee.
Who were thy parents, may I ask?
To trace them we'll find a difficult task.
Woeful progeny of Conscience and Guilt,
Foundation on which Despair is built.

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THE BURNING OF ROME AS SEEN BY A REPORTER OF THE "DAILY BLAB."

By Dore Schary

CAPITAL CITY IN FLAMES

*Fire rages unchecked in Rome—
Millions in property destroyed.
Believed to be of incendiary origin.
Nation's leader under suspicion.*

Flames are devastating our fair capital, and as our palaces and homes on the gorgeous Appian Way are being destroyed, the red demon, our Emperor Nero I. sits on his palatial balcony, and plays ragtime on his saxophone.

The fire started at 4 A. M. in a service station of a local automobile agency. It quickly spread to neighboring buildings, and soon raged uncontrolled in the south section of the metropolis. Fire apparatus was called in from all over the province; but proved inefficient in extinguishing the ravaging claws of the fire.

The populace have fled, and taken refuge in the Salaam Temple, Y. M. H. A., and in the Hyton Hall, of the University of Rome.

Latest reports from the stricken city inform us that our center of culture, art and politics is doomed.

We must wait until the next session of the Senate before formal charges of arson can be made against Nero.

AN APPEAL

By Rose Vallario

About one year ago a stranger entered our home and stole our most precious possession, our heart. Moreover, he stayed to taunt us, to forever remind

us that we belong to him, heart and soul. "Dad" is no longer the head of the household. This stranger—this newcomer, by means of his stolen possessions, has gained control of it. His very wish is a command, to be obeyed immediately. Never a word of thanks comes from his lips; all our work, our toil for him is taken for granted. He takes everything, but gives nothing in return. Many families in this world are ruled by such an omnipotent firm ruler as he. They are all silent martyrs to the merest wish of this stranger, who comes at one time or another to rule their household. Is there no relief, in a democratic country like the United States, from this selfish, domineering person who is ruling our home—my little baby brother?

MY WISHES

By Sadie Goldberg

There's many things I'd like to see,
And places where I'd long to be;
But 'ere these longings do come true,
A little wishing I must do.
I'd wish I were a bird on high,
To sail into the pale-blue sky;
The rising sun I would behold,
And find out why it's colored gold,
I'd visit lands in story old,
And verify these statements bold.
A fish I'd then resolve to be,
And swim around in many a sea;
I'd look for treasures buried deep
That doth the ocean only sweep.
Then would I look for fishes queer,
With headlights in the front and rear,
Or sailors would I hear in joy,
If 'ere they shouted "Ship Ahoy."
But all these things I long to see,
And places where I wish to be—
If wishing could bring them to me,
Would'st think that satisfied I'd be?

Compliments of

MR. and MRS. A. WILSON

THE PIVOT

A CHAPTER OF MOUTHS—

I HAVE NO MOUTH

By Amee Seeco

Mistake me not, gentle reader, and imagine not that Nature threw me out into a cold world devoid of that inestimable instrument with which mankind conveys thought. Better I had never seen Apollo journey triumphantly to his Olympian throne. I am, I think, daintily, rather than profusely provided with that osculatory organ, and I feel no inclination to envy the alligator for its plenty, or the butterfly for her lack, of that most necessary frontal cavity. But when I say that I have no mouth, please to understand that I mean—for gossip. To say that the tales of what Mr. B's. last escapades, etc., were, have never been poured into my ear, would be gross untruth. But here the tales find an impenetrable barrier.

I have lived through a tea (that misnamed garden of gossip) listening to the enlightened conversation of this congenial group.

I have imagined myself in some stern Hall of Judgment, where the sins of humanity were discussed and weighed. Above all, those intolerable sewing circles, do vex and harass my intelligence. Words are something, but to be burdened with the sins of a community; to be horrified with the pranks of modern youth; to listen interminably to the rambling minds of self-sufficient meddlers—these are faint indications of what I have undergone to cause me to form my fixed principles on the subject.

I deny not that sitting down to one of these gatherings I have experienced an interest and anticipation; afterwards followeth the anger and disgust.

I have heard "dignified matrons," express their absolute ignorance of certain person's affairs as an introduction to a lengthy impartment of personal history (not personal to the dignified matron.) I have added my bit to the conversation, and been loftily informed of the absolute dependability of the source of intelligence. But the "breaking point," at the meeting of the N—— Sewing Society when our member E—— commences upon one of her prologies; my attention is taken immediately, and my interest aroused. She has such a spriteliness of manner and geniality of spirit. But just as I am considering how much she deserves to be the cynosure of all eyes—I am suddenly startled by a name—a friend or a relation. Then am I drawn into the fray, and as remarks go back and forth, as the shuttle in a loom, I am subconsciously aware of the behind-the-hand words and looks saying plainly "and she doesn't approve of gossip." I become excited, lose all clearness of location and time, and of what I am saying, when suddenly in walks Marcella, superciliously treading past me to E—— with the tea-table, and E—— suddenly laughs and informs me mirthfully that my friend under discussion will not be pleased to hear of my lengthy championing, with its focusing of attention on individual faults and short comings. I realize that she invariably has been right; but as the tea-cups are passed around, and all is pleasantry and agreeable, I am slowly restored to my usual exuberant happiness of spirit.

Compliments of
STANDARD DRUG COMPANY
Pharmaceutical Chemists

Compliments of
MR. & MRS. M. LUBETSKY

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A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

By Margaret McGrane

I.

Once again the glad New Year,
Brings its promise of good cheer,
Good intentions fill our hearts,
As the passing year departs.

II.

Resolutions by the score,
We have made in days of yore,
But we've never kept them long,
Though we knew that we were wrong.

III.

Still each year we start anew,
With an optimistic view,

And we vow that we will stay
On the straight and narrow way.

IV.

We will do our daily work,
And our tasks we'll never shirk,
Term by term with all our might,
We will study day and night.

V.

Well rewarded we shall be,
When our journey's end we see,
Then we'll sadly say "Good-bye,"
To our dear old Central High.

TO MY FRIEND

By Ruth Lember

When all the world's against you,
And you're feeling sad and blue,
And in your blackest sorrow,
You've none to comfort you.

Remember you've a friend in me,
Your dear old Buddie, Ruth,
Who will brush away your sorrows;
Remember, it's the truth.

No one may wish to see you
Or hear your woeful tale;
Just remember you've your Buddie
For your friend will never fail.

Sometimes, your hopes are blasted,
Or your castles fall and break.
Just come back to my heart, Pal,
Your friend will ne'er forsake.

You will sometimes know a sadness,
You might even love in vain,
So you'll come back to Buddie,
And your friend will heal your pain.

You may not be so famous,
Or you may not e'er be rich
But your friend will help you always
If you fall into a ditch.

My dear old Pal, I'll help you through,
I'll always be your friend;
I'll stick to you through thick and thin
My love will never end.

Your Buddie will be true to you
No matter what may be.
Remember that if something's wrong
Always come to me.

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"ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT"

By Alex Steinberg

Richard Poe, All-State fullback, nineteen, six foot tall, husky and handsome, had a wonderful imagination. In fact, at certain times, Poe would let his imagination go so far that he would fall victim to mild forms of hallucination. The fact that Jack Dempsey, well-known movie sheik, who occasionally donned the gloves, was earning huge sums for assault and battery, set Dick to thinking. And as soon as Dick started thinking, he began to imagine.

Coming to the decision that Dempsey had been champion long enough, Dick spent his allowance on a punching bag, and some boxing gloves. After satisfying himself that he wasn't so bad, Poe entered the liniment stench "gym" of Giuseppe O'Stein and told O'Stein of his ambition to be a boxer. Dick's powerful and graceful build would satisfy any manager of fighters, and in a few seconds, the signature of Richard Poe was at the bottom of a ready-made contract.

"Come back to-morrow for a work out, and I'll match you up in a few weeks," said Giuseppe as he folded the contract and placed it in a drawer of his desk.

Dick shuffled out of the "gym" in a gaze. He had a good manager, and he could fight. Now Mr. Dempsey, take warning. As Dick made his way toward his home he saw in his mind's eye the figure of a modern Hercules standing over the body of Dempsey. Yes, the Herculean product was none other than Richard Poe.

Dick went to bed early that night. Feeling great the next morning, he entered the "gym" where he found several boxers punching the bag, and skipping rope. At the bidding of O'Stein, Dick undressed and adorned himself with boxing tights and jersey. Dick could box, and his skill and natural boxing ability surprised the local wonders. O'Stein, amazed, told him that he would arrange his ring debut in two weeks.

At last the night of the fight came, and a nervous Dick, followed by Giuseppe O'Stein and a trainer, entered the blood-soaked and canvas-kissed ring. The opponent was already in the ring. Dick glanced at

his playmate for the evening, and his sunken spirits did not rise. "Wild Man" Riley, champion of Hell's Kitchen, was the man who glared at Dick from the opposite corner. He was a squat, hairy brute with massive shoulders, bulging biceps and thin, wiry legs. His nose was as flat as a Victrola record. Beneath his bushy eyebrows there glared two greenish, gray eyes that were as cold as a whale's spout. His ears resembled two cauliflowers in full bloom. If Darwin had been present that night the long search for the missing link would have ended there and there.

The referee called Dick and the "Wild Man" together. Riley gave Poe a reception that would have done a step-mother justice. After the usual explanations, the referee sent the men to their corners, and at the bell the fight started. A burning right hand blow to the jaw made Dick realize that he was not in the gym, and he stepped back out of reach and almost broke his hands on the concrete-like jaw of "Wild Man." The bout was scheduled to go six rounds. For five rounds it was a baseball act, Dick pitching and Riley stopping them. Dick had found out after the first round that none could hurt Riley by hitting him on the jaw. If Dick would aim a blow to "Wild Man's" body, Riley would deliberately stop the blow with his face.

As the sixth round started, Dick leaped out of his corner, and jabbed at what was once a face. One of the species known as "wise crackers" shouted "monkey" at Riley. The sensitive Riley appeared to be hurt more by this taunt than by all of Poe's blows. The Darwinian prodigy swung his arms wildly in an attempt to knock out Dick. Luckily for Poe the blows did not land, or he would have been looking up without knowing it. Poe tried to reach a skin you love to scratch, but could not reach the skin because of the hair that covered it. However, he pounded that hair-covered body into a scarlet tinge. The men then went into a clinch. The referee separated them after a hard struggle. Suddenly the roof of the building opened and someone threw a bucket of ice cold water on the sweating body of Dick. Poe was chilled to the marrow and could hardly move.

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The champion of "Hell's Kitchen" sensing Dick's helplessness, rushed in. The gorilla swung his arms, and without seeing what hit him, Dick went out as cold as a step-mother's heart.

When he came to, he found his older brother gazing at him. "Where am I?" Dick asked.

"Well, I'm glad that you're back to earth. Why all night you've been dancing around and swimming your arms like a wild man," answered Poe's brother.

"Wild man. Where is he?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Dick's brother. "You'd better go to bed or next time I'll throw two buckets of water at you and slug you twice instead of once."

The slow thinking, highly imaginative Richard Poe, then silent, pulled the covers over himself and spent the rest of the night in mortal combat with a tribe of six hundred gorilla's and twenty tigers.

THANKFULNESS

By Helen Hinkley

I'm glad God gave me eyes

To see the wonders he, himself, has wrought,
And seeing, be a lot more wise

To ponder on the lessons he has taught:
The golden light of sunset how it tinges all,
Shall I not shine, if His own sight on me does fall?

I'm glad God gave me ears

To catch the busy hum of life around,
But who am I to hear through all the years
The happiness, the harmony of sound?

I'm glad God gave me lips

That I may curve into a little smile
When someone's cup of happiness—it tips,
Perhaps it helps to ease the pain awhile.

I'm glad God gave to me a soul

That I may live through all eternity,
For, after all, there is one goal—
And that—to reach the Great City:
This earthly covering may ugly be,
But I can make my soul spotless and free.

UNPAINTED PICTURES

Picture—a question—Mollie Klein doesn't know,

Picture—Minnie Rothman—not looking quite so!

Picture—Sam Small—not ready for fun,

Picture—Max Klein's—work not yet done.

'Tis a picture no artist can paint.

Picture—Pauline Katz—not saying enough,

Picture—Fanny Kaplan—not trying to bluff,

Picture—Ruth Mendel—too speechless to talk,

Picture—Nelson Ehrich—with a dignified walk,

'Tis a picture no artist can paint.

Picture—Joe Sangiovanni—making a noise,

Picture—Helen Hanretty—not thinking of boys,

Picture—Helen Jablonski—dressed up like a sight,

Picture—Hugh Schwartz—looking a fright,

'Tis a picture no artist can paint.

THE SAGE ADMONISHES

By Dore Schary

How often has a clear day waned,

Into a night of mystic blue?

How often have you been ashamed,

As light diffused to darker hue?

The night brings strong resolve and will,

You know the world must still be won.

When sets the sun on distant hill

You know how much is to be done.

Night casts its dark spell solemnly,

The vow you make, you swear to keep.

You rise from day's long lethargy,

And plan for marvels ere you sleep.

You vow, and vow, you swear, and swear,

Tomorrow you will start anew!

Then morning comes with waking air;

And you forget! Yes! Yes! I, too.

THE PIVOT

TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS

By Betty Surles

Bob Layton being eighteen and sane, turned to the thing which was nearest every boy's heart in the fall, football. The coach of the Guardwell school team had given strict orders as to sweets, girls, and parties. Bob, himself, was hit pretty hard when it came to girls and parties, for he was to take one of the very nicest girls in Guardwell to a party right before the next game.

"Oh, gee, coach, have a heart!" was the cry heard about the gym, but the coach paid no heed. The boys dispersed for the afternoon.

That evening Bob walked over to Margaret's house feeling rather blue. Margaret Payton, or Peggy Payton, was the object of Bob Layton's affections, and also of Billy Easton's affections. As Bob walked over Margaret's street he thought about the events of the day. First, the coach had told him he couldn't go to the party, then, when the tryout came for full-back Billy had beat him out. It made Bob feel quite blue.

As Bob walked into Peggy's home he felt that something unexpected was going to happen. Peggy came flying down to the stairs to greet him.

"Oh, Bob," she greeted. "Belle just called me up and she said the party was sure to be a success."

Bob looked at Peggy but he did not know what to say.

"Why, what on earth is wrong, Bob?"

"Oh, nothing," replied that worthy, "except that I can't take you to the party Friday night because we play football Saturday. Even though I didn't make the first team, I may be used and I'll have to be awake and alive to my chances."

"Oh, gee, what a calamity!" spoke up Peg. "I do think you might break training for just this once and take me. Can't you?"

"No, I can't. I wouldn't be able to play if I did because even if I was wide-awake my conscience would bother me."

Peg began to pout, for she was a very spoiled girl. She turned on her heel and walked away, saying, "Well, my heavens, if you can't take me to the party,

and you didn't make the first team, what good are you?"

Bob winced as she said this, for it hurt him. Her words were said in a tone of dismissal, so Bob started out of the house. Just then Dot, Peg's cousin, came in the gate. She noticed how dejected Bob looked and thinking she might cheer him up, engaged him in conversation.

Dorothy Emmons was Peg's cousin. Although she was the same age as Peg, and surely she was better looking, she did not seem to be popular. Most of the boys said she was too quiet and that they were sure one wouldn't be able to have a good time with her. Still, none of them had ever tried her. Dorothy had not lived long in Guardwell. She had come at the death of her parents to live with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Payton.

Dorothy had asked Bob what was wrong and he said that nothing was wrong, only it seemed since he hadn't made the first team everyone had turned him down. While he was talking he kept thinking that here was a good way to get even with Peg. He also came to the conclusion that Dot wasn't half bad at all, in fact, he rather liked her. It ended in Bob asking Dot if she would play tennis with him on the morrow. Dot replied in the affirmative and Bob took his leave.

A little later in the evening, Billy Easton walked over to Peg's house to see her. She congratulated him on making the first team and said in a spiteful way, "I'm glad you make it instead of that horrid Bob Layton."

Billy, alive to all openings, saw that something was wrong between Bob and Peg. So finally by tactful questioning he got the story out of Peg. He laughed when she finished and said, "Well, I'm not afraid to break training rules for the girl I like."

Peg felt quite flattered with this and she told Billy that he could take her to the party. After talking a while longer Billy bade Peg good-night.

The next day when Bob and Dot finished their game of tennis, he told her that they were going to take a ride as he had something to tell her. He knew

THE PIVOT

that Billy was going to take Peg to the party, so he was determined to do some spite work.

After driving for a while in silence, Bob said, "Dot, will you go to Belle Bridley's party with me, Friday night?"

Dot just looked at Bob with big hurt eyes and said nothing. Finally Bob turned and seeing the expression of mingled pride, surprise, and hurt on her face, asked what was wrong. He received this reply:

"Oh, I might have known you only went out with me because you wished to spite Peggy. Even if I didn't know that, however, I would not go because that would make you break rules of training and I have too much love for my school to ask you to do a thing like that. Now, please take me home."

Bob turned the car around and drove along very slowly thinking over Dot's speech. He then turned to her and said, "You spoke the truth! I realize what a cad I am and if you can accept my apologies, please do so, for I am truly sorry for having behaved in that manner."

Dorothy said nothing, in fact she was too close to tears to say anything. Bob took her home and she didn't even turn to say good-bye. He drove home feeling more blue than ever, he surely did make a mess out of things it seemed.

That night he went over to Payton's and explained the whole thing to Dorothy. He admitted his purpose at first had been spite work but he realized now he didn't care so much for spiting Peg, anyway. Dot finally accepted the profuse apologies and then asked to be excused.

Bob asked her, "Dot, if I should go into the game on Saturday, will you pin this little bow of ribbon on? It means that you have— well, someone in the game."

Dorothy, blushing furiously said, "Yes," and grabbing the bow, rushed to her room. Bob went home to bed feeling happier than he had felt in many a day.

Saturday dawned clear and cold, an ideal day for football. By two-thirty the stadium was crowded. Dot and Peg, and the girls they were with, were for the most part tired. The party had been a success and no one had wanted to break it up and everyone stayed as long as possible.

The game had started and in the first five minutes Billy had made two costly fumbles and had missed a number of chances. The coach called for time and sent Bob out to take Billy's place. When the stands saw this they weren't sure what to make of it since Billy was supposed to be the better player.

Peggy took Billy's ribbon off, and throwing it down, stamped on it. Dot took out Bob's ribbon and put it on, when Peg saw this she exclaimed spitefully, "Isn't he terrible. He just gave you that to spite me."

The game went on, each team fighting hard. Two minutes to go! Twenty yards to gain! First down! Guardwell's ball! They're off! "Tackle 'em low!" shout out the fans. "Go it, bobby boy!" "Clear the way!" and all manner of calls could be heard as Bobby rushed on saw nothing. All he could see was two white posts with a girl's face floating in between. Touchdown!!! The goal was kicked just as the whistle blew.

Dorothy rushed down to meet Bob who was being congratulated on his wonderful playing.

That night Bob took Dot to the Country Club dance, and when he took her home he asked her a very vital question. After she had said "yes" and recovered her breath, Bob smiled and said, "To the Victor Belongs the Spoils."

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THE PIVOT

EXCUSE: FOUR HOURS

By Abraham Bernstein

I.

If you're ever caught acutting, or if ever you are late,
You will find a seat awaiting you in Room one-hundred-eight,
Face you north from out the office; turn you left as soon's you can;
Walk you two doors to the right; brace you up and be a man.

II.

You will find a seat awaiting, and a hardwood seat it is;
You may listen to the scraping or the buzz-saw's "sweet" aa—sizz";
Or you'll spend your observation on the sinners' inward trek:
As they enter bowed, dejected, or they strut in proud, erect.

III.

You will sit upon your barren bench and think four hours ahead,

When the bell will chime your freedom, when you'll other regions tread;
You may nudge your nearest neighbor for to pass the time of day;
Or a cross-word puzzle (contraband) will while the hours away.

IV.

Oh! in durance vile, we sit and smile, and watch the clock lag round—
The single seconds seem to stay as if with hawsers bound;
The minute handle midly moves and stretches into years,
The hour between the clanging bells that come to welcome ears.

V.

So if ever you're betrayed by Fate, and come one second late,
You will find a hearty welcome as you enter 108—
Four hours, four walls dilate upon your peccadillo grave;
The Office *knows* the crime deserves the punishment it gave!

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THE PIVOT

FROM PRINCIPAL



TO PARENT

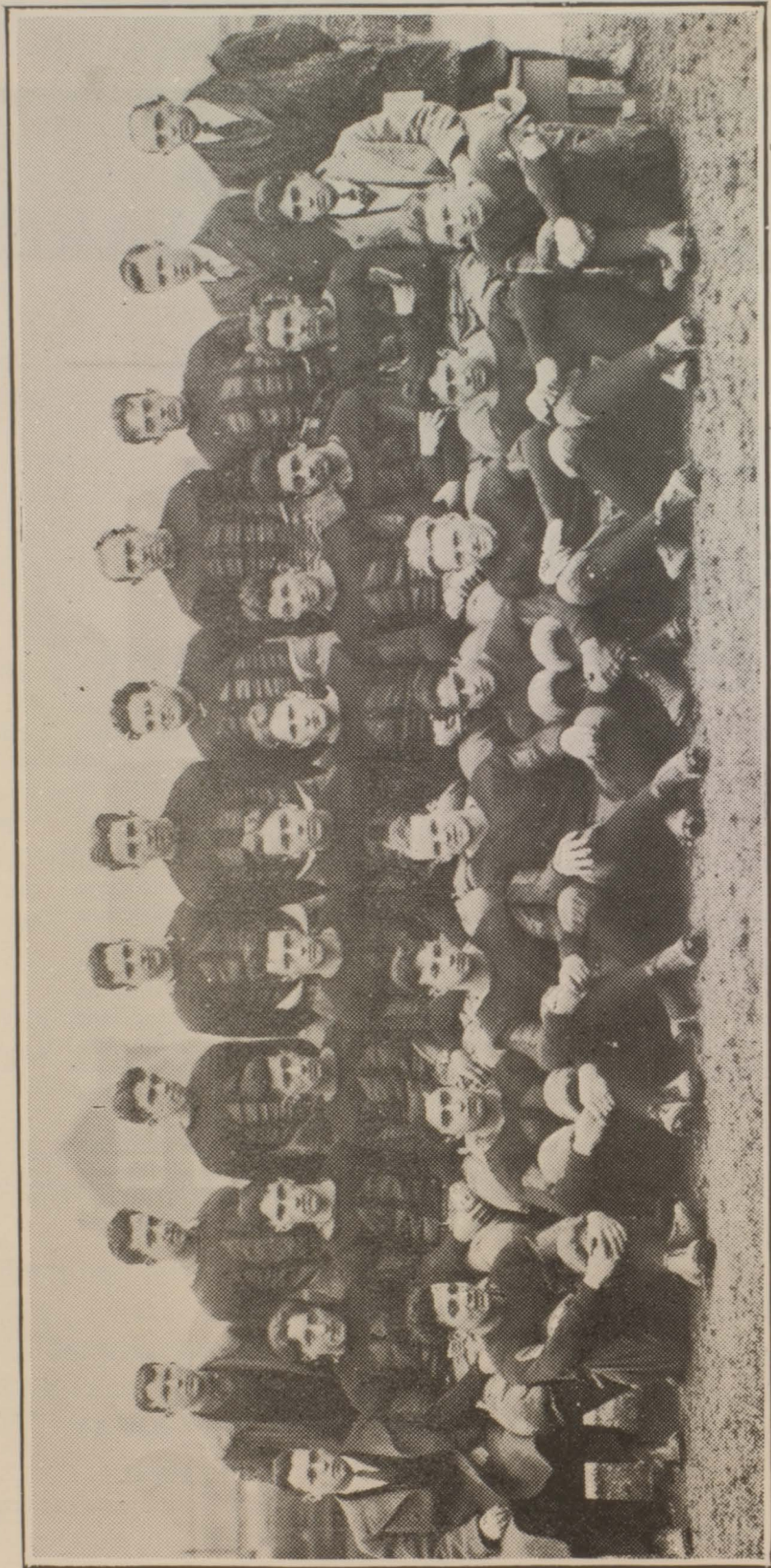
Dear Parents:

Have you ever stopped to think that advances in civilization have been brought about by the extra activity of individuals? Discoveries, inventions and new thought, occur because some one realizes the need of doing more than the other fellow, and that our fellow-men need what we have. We are confronted with the idea that insofar as we benefit others so far do we excel in our tasks. We must imbue our children with the idea that democracy does not mean mediocracy of effort. If democracy is to survive, the average levels of civilization must be raised. Children often think a task is done when it has been skimmed over, forgetting that the task has only just begun. They get into the pernicious habit of comparing their own carelessly accomplished work with the poorest output of their mates. It sometimes looks as though they as well as we, were afraid of doing the very best in us for fear others would think we were trying "to show off." This, too frequently, is the evident attitude among school children—particularly among boys who feel they must keep themselves down to the attainments of their friends, lest they may be looked upon as "sissies" or "highbrows." Encourage children to develop at all times their best powers. The world needs only best efforts. Have the children set their goal of attainment very high. Thus only can the world become a better and happier place for all.

Very truly yours

William Weiner

Principal.



OUR STATE CHAMPIONS



"TRIBUTE TO THE LINEMAN"

By Styne Bourg

"On the last down with three yards to go, the left halfback ripped off tackle for the first down."

Football fans the world over have read sentences like the foregoing, and immediately glance over the lineup to see who the left halfback is. Hardly, if ever, will the football fan notice who is playing the tackle positions. Because of the method of playing, the linemen, with the exception of the ends, are very inconspicuous and do not get the credit that is due them. During the entire game the man on the line must hurl his tired and sometimes bruised body against the opponents. Only when he cannot stand the punishment that he must take, and a substitute takes his place do we give a moment's thought to him.

Coach Charles Schneider is credited with saying that when the line moves the team moves. The lineman must make the hole for the back to get started. There are some backs who can gain through a solid mass, but they cannot do it consistently and do not gain much when they are successful. It was Central's powerful line that held Barringer from scoring a touchdown when the Barringerites were twice within

the ten-yard line. In the same game Central's powerful line also made it possible for their backs to make twenty-two first downs in succession. In the post season game with Asbury Park, so wonderfully did the Central linemen play, that the boys from Asbury made only one first down during the entire game! Our linemen would form a web around their opponents that was impenetrable.

Despite the importance of a lineman, he is forgotten by the fans and the men of the press. No matter who the man is, and how immune he may be from vanity, a little press notice helps him in the grind that he must undergo, as it shows that he is being appreciated.

However, it is only the very brilliant lineman who gets a little space in the sporting pages of the newspapers. The question that arises is why do the men play when they receive such little notice?

The fine qualities that go to make up a man, are the things that the lineman possesses; namely, love of school honor, school spirit, and the love of the greatest of all games.

NUTLEY HIGH'S TITULAR ASPIRATIONS THROWN FOR A LOSS

Through crippled by the loss of three regulars, Capt. Young, Abe Cohen, and Dick Clark, the blue and White continued its sweep to the state championship, riding rough-shod over the highly-touted Nutley eleven by a score of 28-6.

Central started its customary procedure by gaining the "jump" on its opponents, with the first toot of the whistle.

In the first quarter, "Ernie" Woerner, who played his usual brilliant game, blocked a punt on Nutley's

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20-yd. line. "Grub" Skolnick, our speedy end, scooped up the oval and raced for a touchdown.

In the second period, Central's goal line was crossed for the first time this season when Barbato heaved a wild forward pass to Stager. Undaunted by this action, Central retaliated when Petrin circled the left end for the second tally of the game.

"Ernie" Woerner further distinguished himself

when he recovered the ball that Captain Senter had fumbled behind his own goal line in the third session.

In the fourth quarter "Murphy" Cohn registered our final tally on a plunge through center. Great credit must be given to our brilliant quarterback, "Red" Burnett, who demonstrated his unerring accuracy in the kicking department by scoring four successive goals after touchdowns in as many tries.

BLOOMFIELD BEATEN BY CENTRAL

The Central High pigskin chasers trampled the Bloomfield warriors in a stubbornly fought contest by a score of 21-0 for the fifth consecutive win of the season.

The game was evenly fought in the first quarter and terminated in a scoreless tie. In the second canto, the rejuvenated warriors representing Central High, commenced an assault upon the Bloomfield footballers, piercing their defense for the first touchdown of the

game.

With the advent of the second half, our boys "warmed" up to their work and started a march down the field which resulted in a second tally and raised the total count to 13.

Burnett's try for a goal proved successful. In the fourth quarter, with the vaunted D formation in play, "Murphy" Cohen plunged through the enemy's line for our third and final tally.

CENTRAL BEATS BARRINGER

"When Greek meets Greek, what is the result?" In this case the Greeks were the Blue and White of Central and the Big Blue of Barringer. The result was a decided victory in favor of Central by a score of 14-0.

Our boys practically clinched the city title, and gained a strong foothold on the state crown, eliminating Barringer High as a possible contender for state title aspirations. The game was replete with thrills, and marked by brilliant playing on both sides.

The first half of the game was a see-saw affair, with neither team scoring, and serving merely as a "warming up" for the stirring events which followed.

In the second half our boys got started, and our star backfield composed of "Bobby" Woerner and Company raised havoc with the Barringer line, which crumbled before the vicious attacks of these human battering rams.

Our line held like a stonewall at all periods of the game, and any attempts by the Barringerites to gain ground in that direction proved futile.

The second half was but a few moments old when Central commenced a series of line plunges which advanced the oval to the four-yard line, from which position "Bobby" plunged through for a touchdown.

Our second touchdown was but a duplicate of the former one, only this time "Murphy" Cohen, who had been playing a whale of a game at half-back, crossed the line from the 10-yard mark for our second tally.

Central was on its way to another touchdown when the whistle blew, terminating the game. Our team worked together in perfect order and harmony.

"Freddy" Breithut starring for the visitors, hurling forwards and tackling with deadly accuracy.

ANOTHER TROPHY ADDED

The Larkey Company, Clothiers and Furnishers, corner Market and Halsey streets, have generously presented to Central High School, a handsome silver loving cup emblematic of the State football championship.

A similar cup will be presented annually to the school winning the football championship of the State.

The PIVOT in behalf of Central High takes this opportunity to thank the donor for his interest in scholastic sports.

THE PIVOT

NEW BRUNSWICK HIGH NEXT VICTIM

Central High School scored their sixth consecutive victory of the season in as many starts when it buried the New Brunswick High moleskin warriors by a count of 53-6.

This game proved to be but a repetition of former games inasmuch as our boys held the whip hand at all stages of the contest. Our ripping and crushing backfield continued their customary brilliant playing,

smashing through the enemy's line for several long gains.

Our sturdy line proved to be practically impervious against any attack which the Brunswickites launched, time and time again throwing our opponents for heavy losses.

"Murphy" Cohn revealed possible all-state timber, scoring three of our eight touchdowns on spectacular plays.

CENTRAL BURIES EAST SIDE

Our future all-state team minus the services of "Bobby" Woerner, Abe Cohen and "Dick" Clark launched their thunderbolt at the somewhat weakened East Side eleven and when the smoke had lifted, the Blue and White were returned the victors by a score of 61-0.

With the first toot of the whistle, our boys soon piled up an avalanche of points, scoring touchdown after touchdown with practically little opposition.

Burnett and Cohen starred in the backfield, the former scoring three tallies on three long runs, and the latter ripping through the East Sider's line for three touchdowns.

Eskowitz, who substituted for Woerner at full-back, proved to be a tower on the offense as well as defense. "Grub" Skolnick, our fleet-footed end intercepted one of our opponent's forwards and raced thirty-five yards for a touchdown.

THIS MAKES THE NINTH WIN

Our boys, flushed with their recent victory against Barringer High, advanced a notch farther in their climb towards the state title, swamping the Ridgefield Park eleven in a sea of mud by the score of 38-0.

The soggy field did not hinder our boys from executing a series of baffling plays, which had their opponents guessing to the final toot of the whistle.

Our great trio of "Murphy" Cohen, Woerner, and Petrin started their crushing attack, which resulted in six touchdowns for the Blue and White.

CENTRAL SWAMPS COUTH SIDE 42-0

The Central High School Football Team ended their schedule in a blaze of glory, overwhelming the South Side aggregation by a score of 42-0, incidentally annexing the City High School title.

Our fast charging line and smashing backs knew too many tricks for the somewhat inexperienced Sunnysiders. This game certainly proved that Central was entitled to full possession of the State title.

Our fiery-headed Burnett went on a rampage, scoring three touchdowns on spectacular runs.

Woerner and Petrin also scintillated, the former smashing through tackle and breaking away for a 70-yd. run, evading the entire opposition and placing the ball between goal posts.

Petrin, our speedy half back, raced 50 yards for a tally in the second quarter.

THE PIVOT

CENTRAL VS. ASBURY

Before a crowd which taxed the capacity of the Ashland Stadium of East Orange to the utmost, our dynamic, aggressive, undefeated football eleven rose to supreme heights in displaying a brand of football, which completely overwhelmed the much heavier Asbury Park team by a one-sided score of 39-0 in the play-off for the State Interscholastic title.

Three years ago, the undefeated Central High School team of that year, was beaten in a post season game to decide the State title, by the mighty Rutherford combination, to the tune of 10-6.

That same year many of our stars were lost through graduation, and Coach Schneider set about the difficult task of building up a new team from the raw but willing players of the succeeding year.

This year that same group of youngsters, no longer green and inexperienced, but welded into a powerful fighting machine under the skillful guidance of our famous football mentor, Charley Schneider, carved for themselves a niche in the Football Hall of Fame, bringing to Central for the first time in the history of the school, the coveted State title.

From the beginning of the game to the final toot of the whistle, the outcome, as to the victor, was never in doubt. Our boys, once started, could not be stopped. The game began with Burnett receiving Moyna's kick, and running the ball back to the 25-yd. line. On a series of line plunges by our speedy backfield, the ball was placed within a half of the visitor's goal posts, Petrin taking it over for the first touchdown of the game. Burnett's try for goal failed, however.

This score at such an early stage of the game completely demoralized the Asbury eleven.

The game was resumed by "Ernie" Woerner kicking off to Silverstein, who was downed in his tracks on the 20-yd. line. This was the first time that Asbury had the ball in their hands. However, they were held for downs and the ball changed hands. Central was penalized for offside. Asbury failing to gain ground on straight football tactics, resorted to an aerial attack. On their first attempt, however, our ever alert "Bobby" Woerner intercepted the pass, and ran 10 yards before he was downed. The quarter ended after Petrin had scored an additional eight yards through a series of end runs.

The second quarter opened with the pigskin in Central's hands. Their attempt to gain ground proved futile. With the ball in Asbury's possession, they gained six yards on three successive rushes and then kicked to their 40-yard line. "Bobby" Woerner, through an off tackle play, eluded the entire Asbury team and raced 40 yards for a touchdown, the longest run of the game. Burnett's educated toe brought the total count to 13 by placing the voal between the goal posts. The third touchdown for Central came as a result of a forward pass to "Pie" Mintz, the white-haired boy, who stepped over the final chalk mark after a 10 yard run.

The half ended with Central in the lead by a score of 19-0. The second half proved to be a repetition of the first, with our boys making repeated gains, and scoring practically at will. After a series of line plunges, Burnett lunged over for the fourth touchdown, also kicking the goal, which brought the score to 26. In this quarter Asbury showed a spark of aggressiveness, Moyna, Asbury's Captain and star, proved to be the whole "works" for the visitors, making Asbury's first 10 yard gain.

The fifth and sixth touchdowns were scored respectively by "Murphy" Cohn and "Red" Burnett, our plunging quarter, the former circling the ends and planting the oval between the goal posts while the latter crashed through the line for another six points. "Red" made good one out of two attempts for goal, making a total of 30-0. The last few minutes of the game saw an entirely new team in action, our regulars being relieved by the "subs."

This game proved to be a fitting climax to Central's successful football season. Too much praise cannot be given to our line for their valiant efforts both on the offensive and defensive. Woener, Petrin, Burnett, and Cohen played their usual brilliant and sterling game in the backfield.

The line-up as follows:

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CENTRAL FINISHES CLOSE SECOND

At the Second Annual Interscholastic Gym Meet held December 13 at Barringer High School, East Side High, runner-up to Central High last year "turned the tables" by barely nosing out the latter with a two-point margin, thereby winning the Newark High School Gymnastic Championship.

Though the "Down Neck" lads gave a remarkable performance of gymnastic ability, no little credit must be given to our gym team, composed of Capt. Al Krim, Wasserman, Anfuso, and Katzin; 4 entrants, who had to compete against East Side's Squad of 15 well-trained athletes coached by Mr. Swinnerton, member of the English National Olympic Gym Team. The East Side Team gave a fine exhibition of a hand drill which drew unstinted applause from the many onlookers.

Campbell and Stauber, were the main point getters for the East Side School.

Capt. Al. Krim, Anfuso, and Wasserman proved to be the outstanding performers for our Alma Mater, the latter placing third in the Parallel Bars and capturing first place in the tumbling events.

The girls of the several schools, not to be outdone by the "stronger sex" gave splendid exhibitions of tumbling, drills, and dances.

The Misses Neiworth and Stein of Central won the tumbling events while the dancing and drill honors went to the South Side and Barringer lassies respectively.

Now, Central students, we desire to regain that lost championship and with Anfuso, Wasserman and Katzin back for next year, we have the nucleus of a fine team. Candidates are sorely needed, and it is up to you, Centralites, to uphold our motto "Central Leads. Others Follow" by coming out for the team when the call for candidates is issued.

The list of events and final ratings of school follow:

EVENTS—BOYS

Parallel Bars—

Won by Campbell, East Side.
Second. Stern, South Side.
Third. Wasserman, Central.

Horizontal Bars—

Won by Anfuso, Central.
Second. Shorr, South Side.
Third. Dougherty, South Side.

Rings—

Won by Macdowell, Barringer.
Second. Clark, E. S.
Third. Stuaber, E. S.
Fourth. Anfuso, Central.

Long Horse—

Won by Campbell, E. S.
Second. Ringel, E. S.
Third. Macrea, Madison.
Fourth. Howard, Robert Treat.

Side Horse—

Won by Macrea, Madison.
Second. Shaw, S. S.
Third. Stauber, E. S.

Tumbling—

Won by Wasserman, Central.
Second. Al Krim, Central.
Third. Israel, Madison.

FINAL RATING

- 1—East Side, 22.
- 2—Central, 20.
- 3—Madison, 19.
- 4—South Side, 12.
- 5—Barringer, 5.
- 6—Robert Treat, 1.

COMPLIMENTS OF

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BASKETBALL PROSPECTS OF 1925

With the curtain ringing down on the past year in which the Blue and White terminated one of the most successful periods of athletic supremacy in the history of the school, all Central students and fans will no doubt look forward to another year of successful athletic endeavor as old Father Time ushers in the 1925 calendar of sports.

Though handicapped by the loss of "Hymie" Sward, star forward and captain of the 1924 basketball five, and "Mannie" Rosen, sterling guard and member of the mythical All-State team, who is now matriculating at Syracuse University, prospects for a championship basketball team looms brighter than ever.

With "Comet" Zimetbaum, Sward's running mate of last year, "Rudie" Lang, star guard, "Mitchie"

Wienschienvicz, reliable center of the past two years, Natrass, Frankel and Asarnow back in the fold, Coach "Doc" Sargeant is very optimistic in regard to the capturing of the state title.

There is a wealth of new material and capable substitutes from last year's team at hand, who should press the veterans for varsity berths.

Among the newcomers "Georgie" Feldblum, star guard of last season's Newark "Prep" Five, and Jake Rosenberg, brother of the former Central star, Myer Rosenberg, stand out as very likely prospects for varsity berths.

The team faces a stiff and lengthy schedule and will be forced to travel at top speed during the entire season.

The schedule follows:

JANUARY—

- 12—Alumni, at home.
- 14—Rutherford, at home.
- 16—Rahway, away (8.00).
- 19—West Orange, away.
- 28—Montclair, at home.
- 30—Glen Ridge, away (8.00).

FEBRUARY—

- 3—South Orange, at home.
- 4—Rutherford, away.
- 6—Bloomfield, away (8.00).
- 11—Montclair, away.
- 13—Asbury Park, away (8.00).
- 16—New Brunswick, at home.
- 18—Dickinson, at home.
- 20—Glen Ridge, at home.
- 23—St. Benedicts, at Armory (8.00).
- 25—Bloomfield, at home.

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In Memoriam



Central High School mourns the loss of a faithful and diligent student of our school.

After spending a pleasant Christmas vacation, Mary Molnar left her devoted classmates unexpectedly.

Mary Molnar had successfully reached her junior year, and had earnestly attended her daily duties.

She had spent many of her leisure hours in school activities, and thereby had become an active person in her social group.

With sincerity of purpose and kindness of heart, we treasure the memory of our lost friend.



BOYS' SERVICE CLUB

In accordance with the traditions and the aims of the Boys' Service Club, the members have embarked upon a very active term. A variety of new duties is being incorporated into the activities of the club, among which are the issuing of a Freshman Bible, the maintenance of a Student's Welfare Fund, the continuation of the Clean-Up Campaign, the inauguration of a Stairway Committee, the holding of the Freshman Rally, an Alumni Reunion, and a Boys' Assembly.

At the end of last term, at the social held for the members, the Service Club elected officers for the term of December, 1924. Emanuel Pfeiffer was

unanimously re-elected president; Allan Patwich was chosen vice-president, and Hyman Asarnow became secretary.

In order to successfully accomplish its purpose the club needs the co-operation and good will of the student-body. It is possible for only a small percentage of Centralities to be members, and this small group is endeavoring to do a great amount of work; so that the best way to insure a clean and orderly school is to do the things that conscientious service members ask pupils to do.

GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB

The business of the first meeting of this term consisted of the election of officers. Results are:

Lillian Berla, President.
Helen Henkly, Vice-President.
Gertrude Greenberg, Secretary.
Chrystanthan Gavalas, Treasurer.
Ruth Goodman, G. O. Delegate.

A Membership Committee was appointed, consisting of Sadie Goldberg as chairman, Helen Hanretty,

Helen Jablonsky, Florence Bates and Rose Copperman.

The club, this term, is trying, and, in a large measure is succeeding in instilling "School Spirit" in the hearts of each and every student. Their clean-up campaign is still on, and results are evident. Our building is much cleaner owing to the efforts of both Service Clubs.

LAW CLUB

One of the several new clubs organized this term is the Law Club, with Mr. Brady as its faculty advisor. The officers are:

Sam Yoskalka, President.
Chas. Goldin, Vice-President.

Eleanor Shulze, Secretary.
Sam Kurtz, Treasurer.
Irving Waldman, Sergeant-at-arms.

It is hoped that the club will make good and be successful.

THE PIVOT

"A COLLEGE TOWN"

The 4B Class of the last term presented a farce by Walter Ben Hare, entitled, "A College Town," on the evenings of November 20, and 21. The play was staged under the able direction of Miss Minna Fink, and was a rousing success.

It very humorously pictured life in a small college town; excited by the annual Thanksgiving Day football game between the home college and its ancient rival who has always managed to trim the home team.

The cast was headed by Louis Levinson, football hero, and Betty Feinberg, the girl from North Dakota. James Weissman as Tad Cheseldine, the col-

lege cut-up, who impersonates the hero's aunt Jane to save him from being expelled, was the hit of the play.

Everyone did excellent work. Hugh Schwartz played the fiery Major Kilpepper, and Nat Hilton the henpecked husband, Professor Sennacherib Popp, very effectively. Among the other members of the cast were Cecilia Wilderman, Ben Kleinberg, Jack Seigel, Esther Silverman, and Betty O'Rourke. The members of the cast and the director are to be congratulated for their fine work, as is also Harry Yeskel, stage manager extraordinary.

4C CLASS

The 4C Class, in its first meeting, elected the following officers:

Abe Wohlreich, President.
Herman Singer, Vice-President.
Gertrude Goldberg, Secretary.

Dore Schary, Treasurer.

A chocolate sale and combination bazaar and dance are planned—the latter for January 14.

We wish the class success in all it undertakes.

4B CLASS

The 4B Class, with Mr. Webb as a faculty advisor, was organized in the beginning of this term under the following officers:

Sam Calorusso, President.
Alan Glucksman, Vice-President.

Cecilia Wilderman, Secretary.
Morris Saperstein, Treasurer.

In addition to a chocolate sale and a dance or two, the class plans to present a play. It is hoped that it will be a success.

THE LITERARY CLUB

The Literary Club was reorganized early this term with Miss Emma A. Bailly as faculty advisor. Officers are:

Chas. Wm. Sheldon, President, (4th term).
John Di Carlo, Vice-President, (2nd term).

Kate Pfeiffer, Secretary and Treasurer.
Rose Cooperman, G. O. Delegate.

The club has changed its time of meeting from Thursday, the eighth period to Tuesday, the eighth, because the former time conflicted with too many other club meetings.

LATIN CLUB

Among the new clubs organized this term is the Latin Club. Mr. Packard is the faculty advisor. The officers are as follows:

Harold Kaplan, President.

Sam Kurtz, Vice-President.
Eleanor Shulze, Secretary.
Hyman Asarnow, Treasurer.

We wish success to this new club.

THE PIVOT

STUDENT'S AID SOCIETY HOLDS MEETING

Of course you've heard of the Student's Aid Society, the club that helped our principal, Mr. Wiener, in his fight to retain the All-Year-Plan in Central High School. This organization met on December the sixteenth, and elected as their officers:

Charles Danzig, President.
Sam Colarusso, Vice-President.
Eleanor Schultze, Secretary.
Harry Geiger, Treasurer.

We suppose you think we omitted the worthy office of sergeant-at-arms. "To tell the truth and nothing

but the truth," can be implied when we say that this society is so well behaved that it does not need a policeman to help the president preside over their meetings. We certainly do wish that all the other clubs would "act their age," so to say, during club meetings.

Now that this organization has accomplished one task, they will endeavor to better the attitude of the pupils as regards to tardiness, "cutting," cleanliness, etc.

THE TECHNICAL CLUB

The Technical Club was reorganized this term; Mr. Murray is faculty advisor. The officers are as follows:

Leonard Nusbaum, President.
Sam Small, Vice-President.

Al Patwitch, Secretary.
William Ajello, Treasurer.
Bernard Cooper, Sergeant-at-arms.

We hope that this club will continue to flourish as it has in former terms.

RADIO CLUB

Another of the new clubs organized this term is the Radio Club. Mr. Orner, who has made many interesting experiments in radio, is faculty advisor.

The officers are:

Hyman Asarnow, President.
Charles Goldin, Vice-President.

DANTE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Dante Literary Society, with Mr. Carl Morrow as faculty advisor, elected the following officers:

President, Anton Bundsman.
Vice-President, Nicholas Di Nardo.

Secretary, Rose Amelia.
Treasurer, Ema Lansa.

The programs, which are both literary and musical, are in the hands of Nicholas Di Nardo.

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THE PIVOT

THE MATHEMATICS CLUB

Under the careful guidance of the Pilot, Allan Patwitch, the good ship "Mathematics" steered safely into port. The cruiser "Mathematics" was launched last term on the Sea of Clubs with twenty-five members aboard. She again left port on December 17, again piloted by Allan Patwitch.

Of course you realize that this is figurative, but you know that Allan Patwitch, Genaro Conduso, Sam

Small, and David Hershoff were elected president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, respectively, because of their wonderful work and ability in guiding the club through the rough seas to success, for a second term.

We fervently hope that they, as many other clubs have done, will reach their destination.

SECRETARIAL CLUB

A reorganization meeting was held on December 4, 1924 with Miss Allen as faculty advisor. Elections were held, and the following officers were elected:

Pearl Lyne, President.
Sadie Goldberg, Vice-President.
Kate Pfeiffer, Secretary.
Ida Rosen, Treasurer.

A Program Committee was appointed. Alice

Tabakin serves as chairman, and Esther Silverman and Belle Kreps are her assistants.

Several typing and stenographical demonstrations are expected by the club members this term. These lectures and demonstrations are very beneficial and entertaining, and the club is to be congratulated on its work.

The time of meeting has been changed from Thursday, the eighth period to Wednesday, the seventh.

MUSIC CLUB

With Dr. Smith as its faculty advisor, the Music Club began its second term with the following officers:

Emanuel Pfeiffer, President.
Nicholas De Nardo, Vice-President.
Florence Savall, Secretary.
Herman Toplansky, Treasurer.

The Constitutional and Pin Committees were appointed. Anita Chivian is Chairman of the former, and Kate Pfeiffer and Gabrielle Lewandowski are her assistants.

Hyman Asarnow and Harry Lieb are in charge of the pins.

RIFLE CLUB

With Dr. Morbacker as faculty advisor of the Rifle Club, the organization elected these officers:

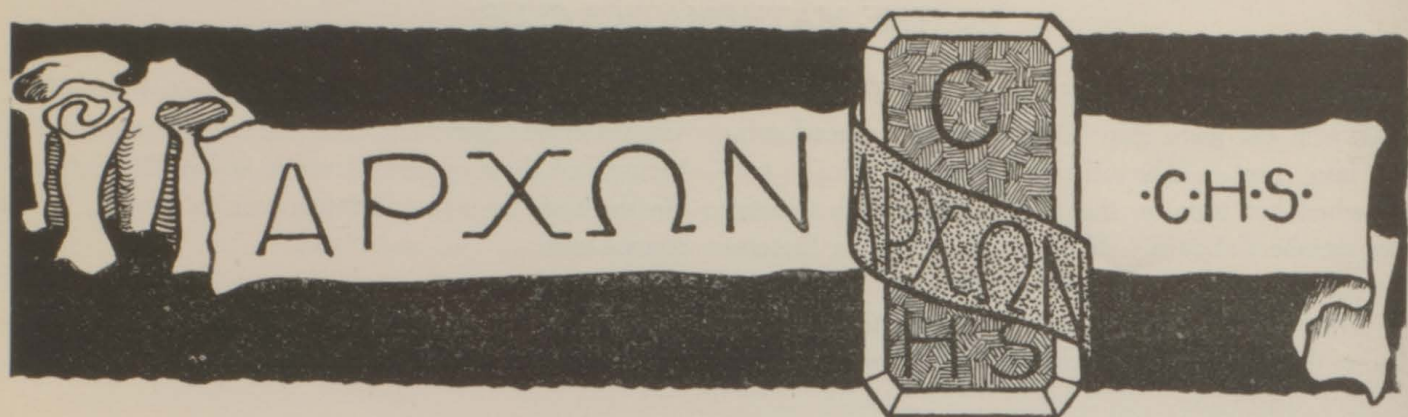
Henry Saedik, President.
Sam Small, Vice-President.
Arthur Schlegel, Secretary.

Bernard Cooper, Treasurer.

The purpose of this worthy organization is to promote better riflemen in the community and to train the members' eyes to alertness and better judgment of distances.

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HISTORY OF THE ARCHON CLUB

On May 27, 1924, the Archon Club was organized in Central. The purpose of this club is to stimulate interest in scholarship and to cherish and promote the good name of Central at all times. Only those students are eligible for membership who have been in Central for at least three success terms and have never failed in any major subject. The club enjoys the sincere co-operation of Mr. Wiener and the entire Central faculty. It was organized with Mr. Conkling, its instigator, as faculty advisor, Haig Demerjian as president; Gladys Nusbaum as vice-president and Molly Klein as secretary. Already membership has grown from 6 to 86.

The purpose of the Archon Club is unusual and particularly fine. The Archons are indeed, as their name implies, *leaders*. Few high schools in this country can boast similar organizations. Ability in athletics is everywhere recognized and usually at the very beginning of the high school course. The victor in athletic contests is always a hero with his fellow students. Recognition of scholarship, on the other hand, is too often left till graduation. Too many students never feel the desire to excel in studies. The Archon Club aims to hold high ideals of scholarship before the student from the time he enters as a freshman till he graduates. It hopes to make every boy and girl see the value and desirability of scholastic prowess. The importance of such work cannot be over emphasized.

Another good result which may be looked for from the establishment of such a club is the creation of a more interested and active body among the alumni. Those alumni who were leaders as Archons while they were in school are naturally going to take a greater interest in the betterment of the school. Just as naturally, the Archons who are still in school or who are leaving school will look to Archon alumni for guidance and help.

The meetings of the club, held every Thursday in 312, aim to stimulate in its members a real zeal for scholarship, to help them in its attainment, and to create a strong school-spirit. To show our students what ambitious boys and girls can accomplish, alumni of Central often speak before the club of their own experiences, telling how they have worked their way through college or have won advancement in the business world. At present the efforts of the club are concentrated on raising the standard of scholarship in Central by emphasizing the honor roll.

Honor roll pins will be awarded to all the students who have had at least "8" in every major subject and "7" in every minor subject for any term since they have been in Central. Each pin will bear a number to indicate the number of terms its possessor has received that honor. Mr. Wiener has offered to furnish a diamond to be set in any honor roll pin bearing the number "12" indicating that its owner has maintained his high standard of scholarship for his entire course in Central.

Members of Archon Club

Molly Klein	President	Bertha Fienerman	Secretary
Haig Demerjian	Vice-President	Hyman Asarnow	Treasurer
Edwin Hearn	Sergeant-at-arms		

THE PIVOT

MEMBERS OF THE ARCHON CLUB

Andresen, Alice	Grant, Grace	Nusbaum, Gladys
Alpern, Lawrence	Gross, Ruth	Pincus, Lillian
Bates, Florence	Guthrie, Marie	Rothbart, Morris
Bender, Elsie	Hayes, Donald	Ruben, Herman
Bogatko, Helen	Hearn, Edwin	Rotman, Rebecca
Branigan, Edwin	Hearn, Franklin	Ribner, Dorothy
Brunner, Edmund	Horan, Anna	Schectman, Anna
Chasen, Sylvia	Hinkley, Helen	Segal, Sylvia
Cohen, Betha	Janu, Marie	Simson, Tillie
Davidson, William	Jauss, Charlotte	Skolnick, Betha
Deutsch, Stella	Kailberer, Edna	Snyder, Anna
Dey, Norma	Kaiser, Anna	Stein, Sadye
Denkinson, Lily	Kasen, Rose	Storch, Lorraine
Eggers, Alice	Kalisky, Lillian	Strazza, Ida
Ehrenkranz, Edith	Kaplowitz, Dorothy	Toplansky, Herman
Emle, Anna	Kaplan, Harold	Traub, Morris
Forsyth, George	Kent, Pauline	Tracktenberg, Joe
Gavalas, Crysanthia	Knobler, Blanche	Wilson, Daisy
Gavalas, Mary	Krueger, Esther	Wilson, Gertrude
Gladstone, Bessie	Landau, Rose	Waraft, Matlida
Goldberg, Belle	Lenz, Albert	Woisard, Erma
Goldberg, Morris	Louis, Evelyn	Wright, Carl
Goodman, Rose	Lieberman, Philip	Waxman, Fanny
Goldman, Charles	Lutsky, Morris	Young, Elizabeth
Gordon, George	Meisler, Morris	Zimmerman, Gertrude
	Martin, Anna	

HONOR ROLL

Month of November

104 A. M.	211 A. M.	214 A. M.
Teodore Fuss	Louise Graham	Paul Strecker
105 A. M.	Rose Mitzmacker	219 A. M.
Wm. Chirgotis	Minnie Speras	Louis Bischoff
109 A. M.	212 A. M.	Albert Lenz
Ida Padalino	Elsie Bender	404 A. M.
204 A. M.	Joseph Borak	Bessie Gladstone
Bertha Feinerman	Wm. Deats	410 A. M.
Marie Guthrie	Louis Stein	Martha Thomas
Molly Klein	213 A. M.	416 A. M.
207 A. M.	Geo. Nutting	Lawrence Alpern
Stella Deutsch		
Helen Hinkley		

THE PIVOT

Month of December

204 A. M.

Miriam Dennis
Bertha Feinerman
Molly Klein

207 A. M.

Helen Hinkley

211 A. M.

Bertha Applebaum
Esther Birnbaum
Louise Graham
Gertrude Kiell
Rose Mitzmacker
Lillian Sandler
Minnie Speras
Gertrude Wilson

305 A. M.

Sophie Brandt
Josephine Bienza

310 A. M.

Morris Lutsky

318 A. M.

Edna Kaelberer

404 A. M.

Bessie Gladstone

410 A. M.

Martha Thomas

411 A. M.

Anna Kulis

301 A. M.

Grace Grant

303 A. M.

Charles Sheldon

305 A. M.

Rebecca Block
Sophie Brandt
Mary Dolgos
Lillian Hager
Gladys Johnson
Irene Matyzkiewicz
Gladys Mayer
Marie Scherer
Audrey Schiller

309 A. M.

Helen Wex

314 A. M.

Harry Ginter

316 A. M.

Gladys Nusbaum

316 P. M.

Joseph Goldblath
Morris Lutsky
Wm. Davidson

317 P. M.

Rose Sevrin

318 A. M.

Rose Deckes
Edna Kaelberer

320 P. M.

Lawrence Rears

401 A. M.

Grace Nelson

403 A. M.

Lillian Greb

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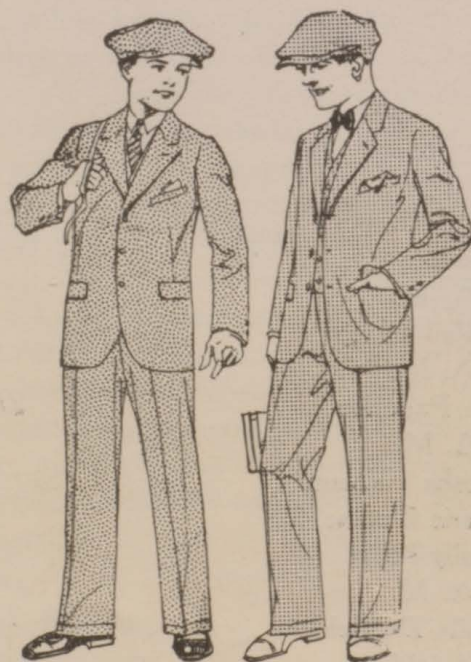
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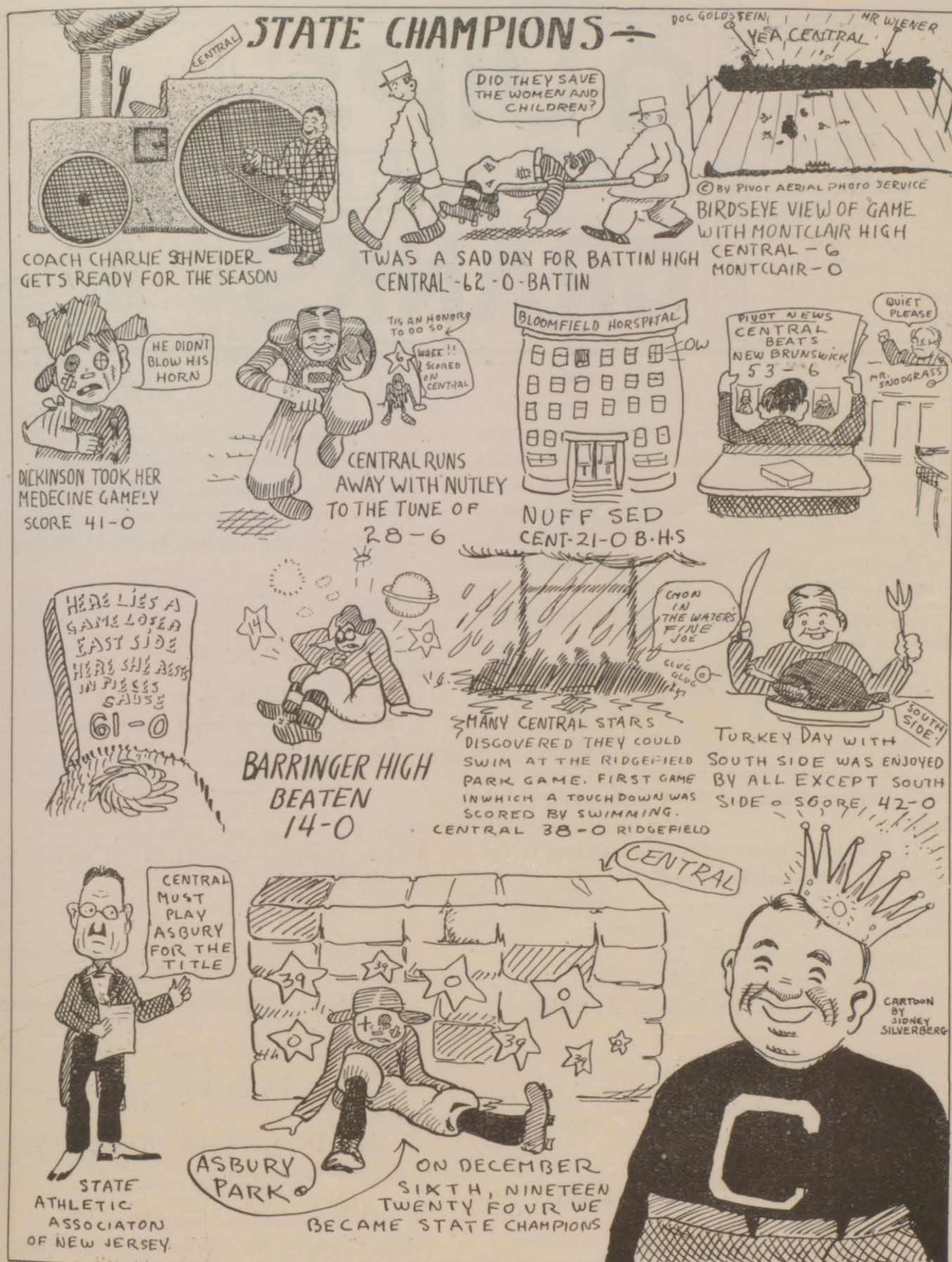
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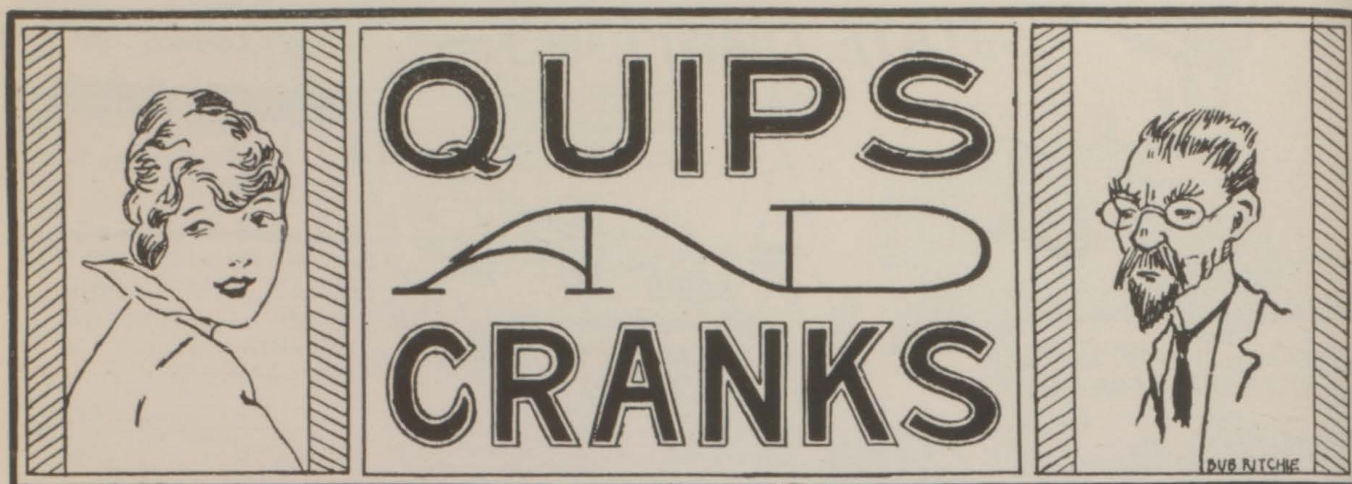
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MODERN NOVELS

The "piercing eye" of the old gentleman went clean through a man one day without hurting him in the least.

The man with the "grating laugh" is now employed in a restaurant.

The "bitter smile" of the heroine has been diluted with water and sugar and made sweet.

The pieces of the girl who "burst into tears" have been put together.

The youth whose "face fell" picked it up again.

Water was thrown on the "burning gaze" of the villain.

The remains of the man who "exploded with laughter" have never been found.

Something fell into the "open countenance" of the hero.

The "lowering brow" of the old man kept on lowering until it touched the ground.

Any girl can be gay in a classy coupe;

In a taxi they all can be jolly,

But the girl worth while is the one that can smile,

When you're taking her home on the trolley.

Hearts—You're in love;

Diamonds—You're engaged;

Clubs—You're married;

Spades—You're dead.

H. Jablonsky—Your gown is beautiful. How much did it cost?

S. Goldman—A few fits of hysteria.

HOW TO GET AHEAD

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Be sharp in your dealing," said the knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

"Do the work you're sooted for," said the chimney.

J. Weissman—Would you like to go to the 4C dance?

Marie Janu—I'd love to go.

J. Weissman—Don't forget to get your ticket from me. I'm selling them.

Anna Kulis—Can you swim?

Hyman Asarnow—Can I! Say, I used to be a traffic cop in Venice!

Sam Kurtz—At the dance I thought your costume was ripping.

Louise Mason—Well, if you were a gentleman you would have told me so.

Senior—I came to thank you for all that you have taught me.

Teacher—Don't mention it. It's only a trifle.

D. Ribner—Have you heard Poe's "Raven"?

Anna Gordon—No. What's he talking about.

THE PIVOT

Teacher—For saying that you get an hour's detention.

J. Toscano—What?

Teacher—You may take two hours.

J. Toscano—What?

Teacher—You may take three hours.

J. Toscano—I heard you the first time.

—o—

I. Mandelbaum—I'm gonna sneeze.

Hannah Brody—At who?

I. Mandelbaum—Atchoo.

—o—

Sam Small—You sit down on every joke I hand in.

Hugh Schwartz—Well, I wouldn't if there were any point to it.

—o—

I. Vory—Here is our chance to make a clean-up. What do you say?

C. Olgate—Nothing doing. Lux against us again.

—o—

City Cousin—What has that cow got that bell strapped around her neck for?

Farmer lad—That's to call the calf when dinner is ready.

—o—

S. Small—There goes the man who has done much to arouse the people.

N. Di Nardo—Great labor agitator?

S. Small—No. Alarm clock manufacturer.

—o—

CENTRAL MOVIES

Why Girls Leave Home, Jimmy Weissman.

The Sheik—Hugh Schwartz.

Fighting Blood—Grub Scolnick.

Bluff—F. Braelow.

The Man Who Came Back—Nat Brody.

Hurricane Kid—Willard Burnett.

The Perfect Flapper—Helen Jablonski.

Idle Tongues—Helen Hanretty, Marie Janu, Max Klein.

—o—

Teach—Don't take down everything I say—it's so foolish.

Girl Shy—Sam Small.

The Tailor Made Man—Louis Asarnow.

So Big—Kate Pfeiffer.

Hot Water—Physics Laboratory.

A Sainted Devil—Nicholas Di Nardo.

The City That Never Sleeps—Ceneral High School.

Classmates—Class of February, 1925.

A Lady of Quality—Mollie Klein.

Merton of the Movies—Sam Small.

Big Brother—Mr. Arnao.

The Ten Commandments—The Freshman Handbook.

Flaming Youth—I. Bennett.

In Every Woman's Life—Charles Sheldon.

Robin Hood—Morris Robins.

This Woman—Helen Jablonsky.

Abraham Lincoln—Louis Asarnow.

Circe the Enchantress—Anna Kulis.

Woman of Paris—Sadie Katzin.

Baby Peggy—Florence Braelow.

Forbidden Paradise—Pivot Office.

Peter Pan—Louise Mason.

Little Robinson Crusoe—Louis Asarnow.

Clarence—Nelson Ehrlick.

Rosita—Rae Chick.

Monseiur Beaucaire—Hyman Asarnow.

Dante's Inferno.—The Forge Room.

—o—

H. Schwartz—Think of living in a shack like this! How would you like it?

K. Pfeiffer—Oh, Hugh, this is so sudden!

—o—

Mr. Herzberg—Say in Shakesperian English, "Here comes a bowlegged man."

Sam Small—"Behold! Ah, what is this I see approaching me in parenthesis."

—o—

H. Hanretty—I spent last evening with the one I like best.

H. Jablonsky—Don't you get tired of being by yourself?

Professor—I can read your mind like a book. I can tell you just what each of you is thinking.

Class—Well, why don't you go then?

THE PIVOT

It was the end of the scene; the heroine was starving.

"Bread!" she cried. "Give me some bread!"

And then the curtain came down with a roll.

B. Feinerman—I dreamed I died last night.

L. Bischoff—What woke you up?

B. Feinerman—The heat.

The wife and daughter of Colonel Berry, the commandant of the army, wished to enter the ground after taps had sounded. The sentry objected.

"But, my man," expostulated the older woman, "you don't understand. We are the Berries."

"I don't care if you are the cat's whiskers. You can't enter now," replied the sentry.

Hostess—Mr. Asarnow, do have some more coffee.

Louis Asarnow—Oh, well, if you insist, but only a mouthful.

Hostess—Marie, fill up Mr. Asarnow's cup.

I sat alone in the twilight,

Forsaken by girls and men!

Murmuring over and over:

"I'll never eat onions again."

Hugh Schwartz—The photographers never do me justice.

Lillian Berla—You don't want justice. You want mercy.

"Darling," he cried, in tender tones,

"I ne'er loved but thee,"

"Then we must part," the maiden said;

"No amateurs for me."

Two honorable seniors stretched and yawned. "What shall we do tonight?" asked one.

"I'll toss up a coin for it," his chum announced.

"If it's heads we'll go to the movies—if it's tails, we'll take Anna and Maxine to the dance—if it stands on the edge, we'll study."

The Yellow Peril was once believed to be due to the Mongol races. Now it seems to be due to the taxi races.

It was a sleepy sort of day, the class was about one-half usual size and the professor was calling the role in an half-absent manner. To each name someone had answered "Here," until the name "Smith" was called.

Silence reigned supreme for a moment only to be answered by the professor's voice. "My word!" Hasn't Mr. Smith any friends here?"

J. Weissman, proposing—I'd go through fire for you—I'd die for you,—I'd do anything for you—I'll be over to your house tonight if it doesn't rain.

H. Schwartz—May I hold your Palm Olive?

I. Rosen—Not on your lifebuoy.

That ought to clean him up unless he has an Ivory dome.

Mr. Vogelin—What is the unit of electric power?

Max Klein—The what, sir?

Mr. Vogelin—That will do; very good.

As the old man stepped off the Springfield Avenue trolley car near Central High School, the conductor halted him. "Here," he exclaimed, "you haven't paid your fare yet!" "But I paid my fare on Belmont Avenue," said the old man. "There was only a young boy on at Belmont Avenue." Tears swelled to the eyes of the old man, and his voice lowered as he quaveringly replied: "I was that boy."

"What do you expect to be when you come of age, my little man?" asked the visitor. "Twenty-one!" was the reply.

RADIO

A Jazz Band is a group of citizens who are paid for playing static.

We shouldn't say it but I wonder if there is a bark to a dog's family tree.

You can wander in the United States, but you must go to Italy to Rome.

THE PIVOT

Clergyman—Patience, my man. Do you know that it took 15 days to complete one page?

Convict—Only 15 days? Why it's taking me 15 years to complete one sentence.

—o—
A school paper is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
No one gets the money,
But the staff gets all the blame.

—o—
Mr. Webb, explaining a mathematical problem—
“Class, watch the board closely while I run through it.”

ADVICE

—o—
Never go into the water after a hearty meal—
you'll never find it there.

—o—
M. Janu—My grandfather built the Rocky Mountains.

H. Hanretty—Zat's so? Why my grandfather killed the Dead Sea.

—o—
Teacher—What's your name?

Boy—Tom.

Teacher—Never say Tom. Say Thomas.

Boy—Yes sir.

Teacher—Next boy. What's your name?

Siegle—Jackass.

—o—
It was in the restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet;
It was there he first went into debt,
'For Romeo'ed what Juliet.

—o—
I. Bennett, swearing the following affidavit:—“I hereby solemnly swear that the prisoner sat upon me, calling me an ass, a precious dolt, a scracecrow, a ragamuffin, all of which I certify to be true.”

—o—
N. Brienning—Your neck's just like a typewriter.
N. Ehrlich—Why?
N. Brienning—It's under wood.

Max Klein (entering “Pivot” Office)—I'll write a poem on “Fresh Milk” providing you don't condense it.

—o—
I C (entering Mr. Sinclair's hidden room)—
Why, this room reminds me of a prison.

Fellow Student—Well, it's all a matter of what one is used to.

—o—
Lives of football men remind us,
'Tis for glory that we slug;
And departing leave behind us,
Handprints on another's mug.

—o—
Nick Di Nardo—What two kinds of a fruit does a man like best?

Gabrielle—I give up.

Nick—A date with a peach.

HEARD IN ECONOMICS

Mr. Conovitz—What is consumption?

J. Frank—A disease.

—o—
H. Asarnow (looking for someone to help him)—
Have you had trigonometry?

L. Asarnow—No. I've been vaccinated.

—o—
A shot rang out behind the stage. The actor tore his hair in rage and cried—“Mine Gott! I'm stabbed.”

—o—
“The drinks are on me,” said the customer, as the waiter spilled the cup of coffee.

—o—
B. Feinerman—Is this cup sanitary?

C. Sheldon—Must be. Everybody uses it.

—o—
The intense feeling displayed by a lovable mosquito touches all mankind.

Compliments of
SPANISH CLASSES OF
MR. C. MARROW

THE PIVOT

M. Rothman—How is lawyer Jones?

R. Mendel—Very bad. He's lying at death's door.

M. Rothman—Just think at death's door and still lying.

—o—
"Hello, old top. New car?"

"No. Old car, new top."

—o—
The teacher had told her pupils to write a short essay about Abraham Lincoln, and one boy handed in the following: "Abraham Lincoln was born on a bright summer day, the 12th of February, 1890. He was born in a log cabin which he helped his father to build.

—o—
From a story—

"She held out her hand, and the young man took it and departed."

—o—
Excited Husband to Doctor over 'phone—Hello, Doctor; my wife has appendicitis. What shall I do?
Central (breaking in)—Operator.

—o—
Kansas Agriculturist—Your agricultural news is very interesting. A few jokes would liven up the paper.

Columbian—Your literary column is very interesting. Try a few more jokes.

Junior—It seems as though your paper is full of jokes.

—o—
I rose and gave my seat to her;
I could not see her stand,
She made me think of mother with
That strap held in her hand.

—o—
M. Rothman—I want Cooper's life.

Miss Gordon—Too late. He died long ago.

—o—
Teacher—Why did Abou Ben Adhem's name lead all the rest?

D. Chinsky—Must have been arranged alphabetically.

—o—
Teacher—Say! Miss Janu, can't you keep still?

M. Janu—Sure I can.

Teacher—All right—let me hear you.

N. Brody—Pardon me for stepping on your feet.

D. Ribner—It's all right. I walk on them myself.

—o—
Teacher—How was iron first discovered?

S. Small—They smelt it.

—o—
Man on telephone—I want Mr. O'Cohen.

Operator—Mr. Who?

Man—Mr. O'Cohen.

Operator—Wait a minute—the wires are crossed.

—o—
Teacher—Can you tell me what a hypocrite is?

Senior—Yes, ma'am. It's a boy who comes to school with a smile on his face.

—o—
Nature gave us our faces, but thank God, we pick our own teeth.

—o—
'Twas a cold winter day in summer,
The trees were lovely and bare;
Icicles hung in the blazing sun,
In the valley of God knows where.

—o—
"I will fool these bloodhounds yet!" cried the villain, and slipping on a pair of rubbers, he erased his tracks.

—o—
"Picture me," he cried, "in your arms." Then she framed him.

—o—
Joe Santillo—I called to—er—talk—er to you about your daughter's hand.

Father—James! Tell Miss Flora the manicurist has arrived.

—o—
"Watch out!" cried the student, as he dropped his Ingersoll.

—o—
What strikes, but keeps on working—The Clock.

—o—
"Words fail me," said the Senior, as he flunked his spelling examination.

—o—
Teacher—When did Caesar defeat the greatest number?

S. Small—On examination day.

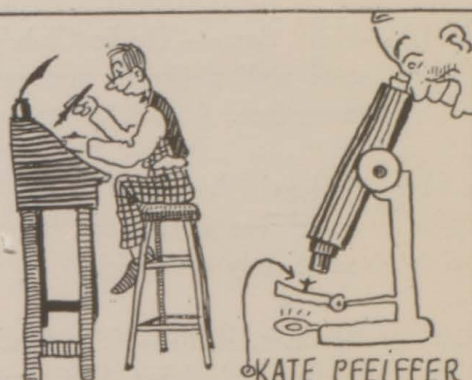
THE PIVOT



WE LOOK FORWARD TO GREAT THINGS FROM HUGH SCHWARTZ



HELEN HANRETTY PRIVATE SECRETARY TO RACHEL CHICK.



CHARLES SHELDON WILL HAVE A HIGH POSITION IN LIFE

KATE PFEIFFER REGULATION 1C GRADE SIZE. HAW HAW TEE HEE



MUTT AND JEFF LOUIS ASARNOW NATHAN BRODY



DOROTHY RIBNER - THE GREAT ARTIST.



A SCENE FROM A FUTURE BETTY FEINBERG PRODUCTION 'WHY MEN LEAVE HOME AFTER BREAKFAST'



MOLLY KLEIN NOW TEACHES AT CENTRAL.



SAM SMALL LAUGHING AT A BIG JOKE WHILE FRANK BARBATO'S BUSINESS IS GOING UP.



JIMMIE WEISSMAN AGREES WITH ME THAT HE HAS PAULOWA SKINT BY A MILE



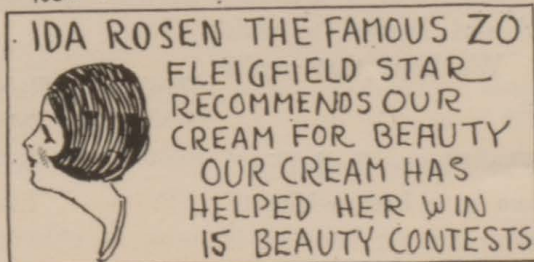
RUTH GOODMAN NOW RANKS AS ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT COVER ARTISTS



NKK DI NARDO EL MAESTRO.



EVA SNIPPER NOW A STENOGRAPHER CENTRAL IS PROUD OF HER.



BUT WHO IS KENNETH MCKNAFFEE??



MR. JOSEPH MILLER THE ADVISOR OF ADVISORS-VERDAD

SIONEY-SILVERBERG

THE PIVOT

MORNING FORUM

Dec. 12.—Kurt, Sam—"Radio Club." Your topic was well delivered and you spoke with assurance.

Dec. 16—Schlegal, Arthur—"Z. R. 3." Your topic was interesting, but you were not sufficiently prepared.

Berman, Ruth—"The Student's Aid Society." Judging from your talk, your plans could not meet with anything but success.

Gavalas, Mary—"A Message." Although you were a little nervous, you delivered a fine talk.

Dec. 17 — Sadick, Henry — "Your Meals and Your Health." You were well prepared but you did not speak in an impressive manner.

Feinberg, Betty—"A Message." A splendid talk.

Dec. 19—Simonson, Pauline — "Famous Women of America." You were a trifle nervous when you began, but as you went on you overcame that fault.

Federbush, Lena—"Winter Sports in Canada." We certainly wished that we could be there.

Mr. Hoag—"We were all glad to see you and were very much interested in your talk.

Mr. Steinke—As usual, Bill was enthusiastically received and listened to with great enjoyment. We hope that you'll visit us again soon.

Dec. 23—Klein, Molly—"The Honor Roll Pin." For a long time we have been waiting to hear about that subject. At last it came in the form of a splendid talk.

Jan. 6—Bataille, Louis—"A Message." Your message showed fine spirit.

Jan. 9—Schwitzer, Jerome—"Rise to Presidential Heights." You made a poor beginning and you hesitated a little.

Naporano, Rocco—"Equality." Your topic was interesting, but you delivered it in a monotonous tone.

Pfeiffer, Emanuel—"School Co-operation." As usual, Emanuel had an interesting talk with many practical suggestions in it. Surely after his repeated talks, the school will co-operate with him.

Jan. 9—Miss Kerr of the Board of Education—"Thrift." We don't think that you are "Stern Duty." We found your talk very interesting and profitable.

Jan. 13—Strecker, Paul — "The Boys' Service Club." Although your topic was frequently delivered, we could listen to it again with interest.

Jan. 14—Lieberman, Philip—"Our Modern Newspapers." Your topic was an unusual and interesting one. You could have improved it by speaking louder.

Charnak, Sally—"A Message." You delivered your message in a clear and enthusiastic manner. There is no reason why you shouldn't sell a great supply of tickets after that talk.

Jan. 16—Robbins, Morris—"Lay Up Time As You Would Lay Up Money." You spoke so that everyone heard you and listened.

(Continued on page 70)

THE PIVOT

EXCHANGES

As can easily be seen from our list, the PIVOT has had a great many exchanges. We have tried to give each one a comment. The most noticeable defect we have made is that many of the publications are too short. This makes it necessary to have short departments. Naturally, when a paper is printed, as much news, as many stories, as many jokes, and everything that makes a paper interesting, should be used.

We are pleased to say that there has been plenty of humor in most of the magazines. Our advice is to keep this department up, as a magazine seems dead

without jokes.

Secondly there is the complaint about the lack of cartoons, but those we have seen in these exchanges have been very well drawn.

The Sporting Department have not been sufficiently developed. This is a serious matter. It seems as though most of the schools have been victorious on the gridiron.

Something else that we feel we ought to comment on, is the fact that some of our best exchanges use very cheap paper. This lessens the attractiveness of the paper, and detracts from the desire to read them.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

The Mirror—One of the best exchanges we have received. Your "Fodder for Freshies" is something all freshmen should read.

The Forester—With a few cartoons, you would be about all there is. You must have several detectives in your school, judging by the stories in your "Football Number."

Orange and Green—Your stories are well written and interesting. Your wit and humor is quite lengthy and contains some "new ones."

The Pilot—Your paper is very well organized. Your "Foreign Language Department" is unique and interesting. Keep it up.

Cedar Chest—You have everything that goes to make a good paper. Where did you get that artist? The cartoon about Algy is "great."

Heights High Herald—You have a little bit of everything. It is good as far as it goes, but why not try to develop your departments a little more.

Archive—We do not know of enough adjectives to describe your paper. It's great! It's great!

Canary and Blue—"Short and Snappy." Try to have a few more stories. We wish you luck with your publication. You have made a very fine beginning.

The Oriole—You are hard to beat. We like your "Who's Who." Would you mind if we adopted it in the future? Your dictionary is very unique and interesting.

Observer—We were just getting interested in your paper when we came to the end. We want more!

Record—The same is true of you as of several others of our exchanges. You are too short, and could use a few cartoons.

Aster—It seems as though the fair sex is coming to the front. Have you no artists in your midst? Call again.

Owl—"Short" seems to be our complaint to you as to many of our other exchanges. We must say your stories are very well written.

The Student Crier—"An Echo Floating on the Evening Breeze" is an interesting story. Why not have a few more?

Vincentian—We can see that you have a great many school activities. Where is your sporting section?

Curtis Monthly—Why don't you give us something to complain about? Every department you have shows careful work on the part of your editors. We like your jokes and literary departments.

Said and Done—We enjoyed your "Revised Rules and Regulations for Football." We should have shown them to our team at the beginning of their season.

Cleveland Alternate—You still are keeping up the record for good work. However, we like the print you used last year, better than that of this year.

The Recorder—"Dudley Meets a Hornet" surely gave us a good laugh. Your "Balloon" is very light. Every department is worthy of commendation.

The Orient—Your literary department is very well developed. The cartoon is interesting.

THE PIVOT

The Advance—"Deadshot Dick" brings us back to the days when we were young. "The Circus Grounds" is a very fine piece of description. Your large amount of advertising shows you have a big circulation.

The Quill—The manner in which your departments are organized shows that you have a very good staff.

The Enterprise—We enjoyed your jokes and stories. "Painted Potatoes" is an interesting story with a new plot.

Red and Black—Your school spirit is reflected by your paper. Your sports are quite well written.

Colgate Maroon—Your paper seems to show that "sports" are discussed the most around your school.

The Targum—A good paper.

The Chronicle—If you want to know what's what in Niagara Falls read the Chronicle.

Senn News—All we can say about you is that your paper reflects your slogan "A Truly Democratic High School Paper."

Weekly Aegis—Your sporting section is very interesting, and shows hard work.

The Record—Your very name describes the purpose of your paper. It lives up to the purpose very well.

The Courant—"An express messenger or message"—Webster's Dictionary. You have surely chosen the right name.

The Kayrix—Judging from your honor roll, you have many clever people at St. Benedict's.

The X-Ray—School activities seem to play a great part in your school.

Blair Breeze—Judging by your advertisements, your circulation must be quite large.

Argus—Your paper tends toward being a magazine. The stories are very entertaining.

Pasadena Chronicle—Your editorials are well written and worth reading.

The Chattle Echo—Your publication reached us rather late, but was just in time to receive our comment. We have nothing but praise for your. Try a few more jokes and a cartoon or two. Your literary department contains some good stories.

The Acropolis—Welcome! Your December issue is very complete and varied. The cross-word epidemic has struck your school too, we see. Your sport department is especially fine. "The Patron Saint of Barringer High" is very interesting and worth while reading.

On Bounds—Your cartoon shows that you have a very capable artist in your midst. Where is your joke section?

Chatham Chatter—Your stories are some of the best we have read in all of our exchanges. You have quite a few and they are all interesting.

The Reflector—We should like to know what city and state you are from. You do not mention it in your magazine. You have a fine variety of departments.

The Spotlight—Where are your jokes? This is our only unfavorable comment to you. Your little magazine is otherwise very well put together.

The Green Witch—Your paper is printed in a very unusual manner. We liked your poetry very much.

The P. S.—You are very short, but interesting. Why not try to develop your departments to a greater extent. Use some more jokes and stories.

The Attic—We are very pleased to meet you. We must admit that you are one of the best exchanges that we have, even though you are one of the late-comers. Your cover is well drawn.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Teacher—Really, George, your figures are disgraceful. Just look at that three. Anyone would take it for a five.

George—It is a five.

Teacher—Well, I should have sworn it was a three.

—*Heights High Herald.*

AN ADMONITION FOR THE FRESHMAN

You have five senses. Speech is one. Observe the five to one ratio.

Prof.—Your paper was difficult to read. Your work should be written so that even the most ignorant can understand it.

Stude—What part didn't you understand?

—*Oriole.*

THE PIVOT

Teacher—Why was America so late in entering the war?

Sleepy Student—Not prepared, sir.

Teacher—Exactly.

—*Oriole.*

—o—

A—What's them?

B—Them's football pants.

C—I never saw a football with those on.

—*Heights High Herald.*

—o—

Junior—Seniors aren't what they used to be.

Seniors—What did they use to be?

Juniors—Juniors, of course.

—*Heights High Herald.*

—o—

I saw a cow slip through the fence,

A horse fly in the store;

I saw a boardwalk up the street;

A stone step by the door;

I saw a mill race up the road,

A morning break the gloom;

I saw a night fall on the lawn,

A clock run in the room;

I saw a peanut stand up high,

A sardine box in town;

I saw a bed spring at the gate,

An ink stand on the ground.

—*Height's High Herald.*

—o—

A MODERN EXCUSE

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse Charles this afternoon because I want him to take me to the ball game, and as I am blind, I cannot go alone.

Yours truly,

Mr. Smith.

"Said and Done."

—o—

K. Pfeiffer—Do you like Shakespearian roles?

R. Chick—Our baker never handles them.

INSPIRATION OF A JUNIOR ON READING CHAUCER

In days of old

When knights were bold

And sheet iron trousers wore,

They lived in peace,

For then a crease

Would last five years or more.

They had a craze,

In those old days,

For steel shirts and they wore 'em

And there was bliss

Enough in this;

The laundry never tore 'em.

—*Cedar Chest.*

—o—

Stude—Is your editor-in-chief very particular?

Associate Editor—I should say so. He even raves if he finds a period up-side down.

—*Exhaust.*

—o—

Teacher in History Class—Lincoln wrote his Gettysburg address while riding from Washington to Gettysburg on an envelope.

—*Mirror.*

—o—

Do you think Prof. Kidder meant anything by it? By what?

He advertised a lecture on "Fools." I bought a ticket and it said—"Admit One."

—*Mirror.*

—o—

Tommy had been out playing 'till he was very tired, and did not feel inclined to say his prayers, but his mother insisted. So Tommy began:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep—"

"If," prompted his mother, Tommy (sleepily):

"If he hollers, let him go, Eney, Meeny Miny, Mo."

—*Forester.*

—o—

Some folks are always late; especially those who are born on the second of April.—*Archive.*

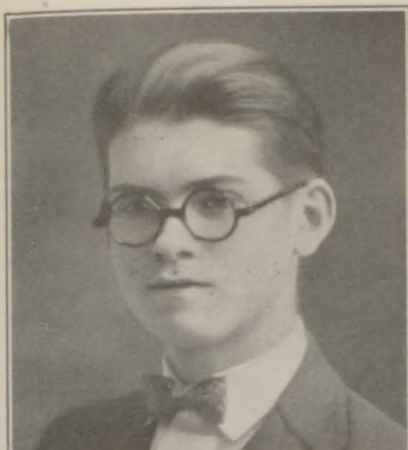
Class Advisor



MR. JOSEPH MILLER

Omnibus amatus, omnes amans.

THE PIVOT



PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS

SHELDON, CHARLES WILLIAM

22 High Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Accountancy

"I came, I saw, I conquered."

President of 4A Class; President Literary Club (4); Cast of "Hezekiah's Country Store"; President 4C Class; Boys' Service Club; Ch. Service Club Entertainment Committee; Treasurer of Dante Literary Society; Students' Aid Society; Associate Editor of Senior PIVOT

Charles has made a great name for himself in Central. We predict



VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS

ASARNOW, LOUIS

389 Springfield Avenue

General French. Prospects: University of Maryland

"His length was equaled by his intellect."

Varsity Basketball '23, '25; Vice-President of 4A Class; Central Choral Club; Senior PIVOT Board.

Have you read our Sport pages? They were written by Louis.



SECRETARY OF THE CLASS

PFEIFFER, KATE

700 South 12th Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Newark Institute of A.

And still the wonder grew,

How one small head could carry all she knew."

Secretary of 4A Class; Associate Editor of PIVOT; Secretary of Secretarial Club; Secretary of Literary Club; Program Committee; Publicity Committee of 4B Class; Central Music Club; Constitutional Committee; Winner of Typewriting Medal; Girls' Swimming Club; Dante Literary Society.

Kate's list of activities speak for themselves, showing how popular she is in school club work.



TREASURER OF THE CLASS

DI NARDO, NICHOLAS

719 North Sixth Street

Arts: Spanish. Prospects: Music

"That, heavenly music! What is it I hear?

The notes of the violin rings sweet on my ear."

Treasurer of 4A Class; Vice-President of Music Club; Orchestra '22, '23, '24; Secretary Dante Literary Club; Treasurer Dante Literary Club; Radio; Boys' Service Club; Cast in Alcestis.

Oh, that music. We shall not be surprised to wake one day and find him proclaimed the great violinist.

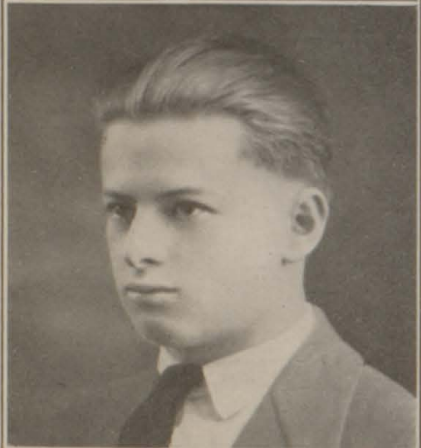


ADLEMAN, ROSE

70 Schuyler Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business

Although we have not heard much from Rose, we believe she will be successful.



ASARNOW, HYMAN L.

381½ Springfield Ave.

General Latin. Prospects: Columbia

"Service is the livery of Heaven."

Secretary of Service Club; Clean-up Committee; Ch. Alumni Reunion Committee; Freshman Handbook Committee; Archon Club; Music Club; President of Radio Club; Treasurer Latin Club; Spanish Club; Law Club; Exchange Editor of PIVOT.

Hyman has worked hard for the good of Central. We know he will make a success of his college career.



BARBATO, FRANK C.

122 Warren Street

College Prep. Prospects: Medicine

Frank is a very hard worker. He has accomplished much at Central.



BENDER, MARY

67 Hillside Place

Commercial. Prospects: New Jersey Law

"To be short is no disgrace, only inconvenient."

Girls' Service Club; Archon Club; Ways and Means Committee of 4C Class; Riding Club; Senior PIVOT Board.

Mary, we are sure you will be a very capable lawyer.

THE PIVOT



BENNETT, ISADORE

545 So. 17th St.

Technical. Prospects: Western Electric Training

"His mind may be calm, but his head is on fire."

Technical Club; Math. Club; Radio Club; Rifle Club; Science Club; Orchestra.

We know you will make good at W. E. T.



BOGATKO, HELEN BLANCHE

868 So. 16th St.

General French. Prospects: Normal.

"Silence is golden."

Archons.

Helen can enjoy both work and pleasure.



BRAELOW, FLORENCE H.

199 South 11th St.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. J. Law

"When not studying, she talks."

Girls' Swimming Club; Chess and Checker Club; Literary Club; Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medal.

What are we going to do without Florence's gossip news each day?



BREINING, NELSON H.

362 Clinton Avenue

Scientific Course. Prospects: College

Radio Club; Math. Club; Baseball '23.

His good looks have made him popular among the girls.

THE PIVOT



BRODY, NATHAN

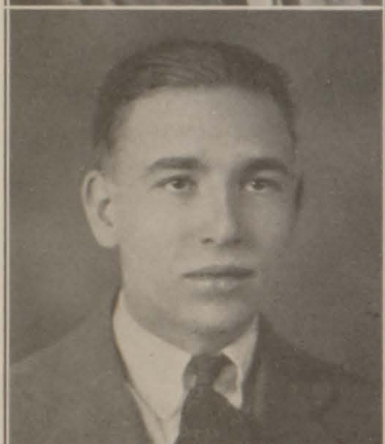
741 South 12th St.

General Latin. Prospects: College

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth."

Vice-President of 4B Class; Spanish Club; Chess and Checker Club; Dante Literary Society; Pin and Ring Committee of 4B Class; Biology Club; Latin Club.

We wonder how we shall get along without Nat's good humor at the opening of the day.



BURNETT, WILLIARD A.

605 N. Seventh Street

Commercial. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"For he's a jolly good fellow."

Class Relay '23, '24; Track Team, Indoor and Outdoor, '23; Indoor '24; Manager of Outdoor Track '24.

May he win in the race of life as he won for his dear Alma Mater!



CHICK, RACHEL

714 South 12th Street

General French. Prospects: Normal.

"Smile on, Merry Sunshine."

Central Exhibition; Armory Exhibition; Skyrockets; Swimming Club; Literary Club; Greek Play; Barringer Ex. '23, '24; Girls' Basketball Team.

Rachel is very popular with both the boys and the girls.



CHINSKY, DORA

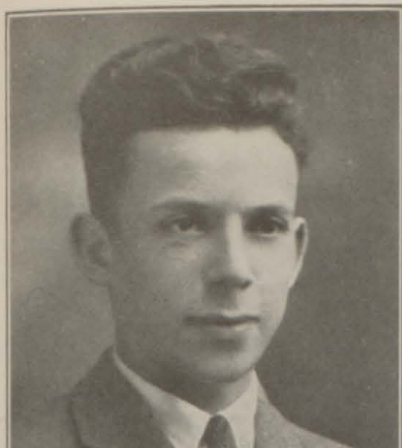
156 William Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business

"Silence is golden."

Dora is one of our quiet students.

THE PIVOT



DERSHOWITZ, SOLOMON

18 Hinsdale Place

Commercial Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Steadfastness is a noble quality"

Secretarial Club; Secretary Chess and Checker Club.

Solomon is a good example of one who attends to his own affairs.



EHRlich, NELSON

201 Milford Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Law

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Nelson is a studious chap and we know he will make a good lawyer.



FEINERMAN, BERTHA

521 South Orange Ave.

College Prep. Prospects: College.

"I trace your lines of argument."

Charter member of Archons; Secretary of Archons; Constitutional Committee; Credential Committee; Honor Roll Committee; Instruction Committee; Latin Club; Radio Club; Gym Exhibition; Senior PIVOT Board.



FORCELLA, JULIUS

14 Lock Street

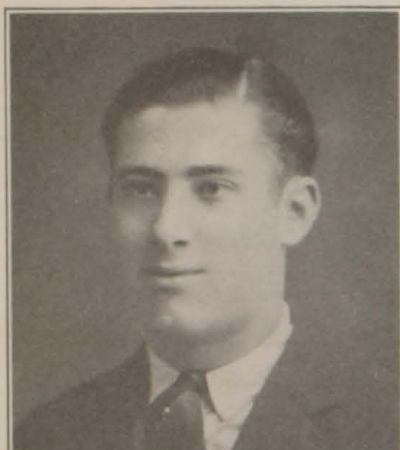
Technical. Prospects: College

He is a man.

Tech. Club., Math. Club, Rifle Club.

We wish him the best of success.

THE PIVOT



FRANK, JESS

66 Mercer Street

General Spanish. Prospects: Fawcett

"There held in holy passion still,
He pressed his lips to hers until—"

Secretary of Boys' Service Club; Students' Aid Society; History Club; Treas. 4C Class; Eng. "C" Committee; Cast of "Hezekiah's Country Store"; Literary Club.

Jess is our idea of a "ladies' man." He will surely leave a trail of broken hearts behind him.



GOLDBERG, ESTHER

118 Avon Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"A daughter of the Gods."

Swimming Club; Riding Club.

Esther is another of our quiet girls. We wish her the best of luck.



GOLDBERG, SADIE

737 South 20th Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"I know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise."

Girls' Service Club; Ch. Membership Committee; IC Social Committee; Secretarial Club; Vice-President Literary Club; Central Music Club; Staff Typist; Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medal.

Sadie is very popular among her friends.



GOODMAN, RUTH

79 N. Munn Avenue

Arts. Prospects: Normal.

"Faithfulness and sincerity first of all."

Girls' Service Club; Treasurer of Girls' Service Club; Ch. of Hall Committee; IC Social Committee; Armory Exhibition.

Ruth has done much for the school and leaves many friends behind her.

THE PIVOT



HANDLEMAN, ROSE

64 Bloomfield Avenue

Commercial Art. Prospects: Undecided.

Rose has won many friends through her cheerfulness.



HANRETTY, HELEN

64 Littleton Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Cornell

"If to her lot some female errors fall,
Look in her face and you'll forget them all."

Literary Club; Armory Ex.; Vice-President of 4B Class; Secretarial Club; Publicity Committee of 4B Class; Girls' Service Club; Riding Club; Swimming Club; Underwood Medals; Ch. Staff Typists of PIVOT; Dante Literary Club.

Helen is a very attractive girl and has made many friends.



HEROLD, MAURICE J.

74 Chadwick Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Engineering

"Ability shines by its own light."

President of Rifle Club, '24; Technical Club; Radio Club.

We prophesize a bright future for him.



HOFFMAN, MARGARET

442 Chancellor Avenue

Commercial Art. Prospects: Undecided.

"Good sense and good nature are never separated."

Girls' Service Club; Membership Committee; Secretarial Club; Swimming Club; Riding Club; Gym. Ex.; Underwood Typewriting Medal; Senior PIVOT Board.

A girl admired by all because of her cheerfulness.

THE PIVOT



JABLONSKI, HELEN

22 Isabella Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Cornell

"Style is the dress of thought."

Girls' Service Club; Mem. Com.; Literary Club; Riding Club; Swimming Club; Armory Ex.; Secretarial Club; Publicity Committee of 4B Class; Underwood Typewriting Medal; Senior PIVOT Board.

Helen has kept up her reputation as best dresser.



JANU, MARIE

10 Isabella Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business

"She's noted for her smiles."

Archon Club; Credential Committee; Honor Roll Committee; Secretarial Club; Service Club; Underwood Typewriting Medal; Senior PIVOT Board.

Marie is very pleasant and makes herself heard. She is sure to make many friends.



KAPLAN, FANNY

19 Madison Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Law

"In a sudden emergency she can always rise to the occasion."

Secretarial Club; Dante Literary Society; Students' Aid Society; 4C Entertainment Committee; Literary Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Riding Club.

Fae's curls set her apart from the others.



KAPLAN, MAX

77 Springfield Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Quick in action and thought."

Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medals; Rifle Club.

A good student who is well liked by all.

THE PIVOT



KATZ, PAULINE

545 Bergen Street

"She talks, she talks—my God—how she talks!"

Armory Ex.; Riding Club; Swimming Club; Chess and Checker Club.

Pauline *does* talk a lot but this does not prevent her from being very popular.



KATZIN, SADIE

553 South 12th Street

General. Prospects: Law

"Education maketh a wise woman."

Senior PIVOT Board.

Sadie will become a capable lawyer. In case we need legal advice we shall go to her.



KLEIN, MAX

92 Sixteenth Avenue

General Latin. Prospects: N. J. Law

Max is destined to be one of our greatest authors in the future, although he disguises his genius under his new Scotch nom-de-plume.



KLEIN, MOLLY

185 Livingstone Street

College Prep. Prospects: N. J. College for Women

"True genius kindles,
Fair fame inspires."

President of Archons '24, '25; Secretary Archons; Latin Club; Constitutional Committee of Latin Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Radio Club.

Molly is sure to reach her goal. We wonder how she gets those nines on her cards.



KNOPF, ALMA

371 So. Seventh Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"Virtue is like a rich stone
Plain setting best."

Dante Literary Society; Swimming Club; Riding Club; Underwood Typewriting Medal.

Alma has shown her ability, although she has not advertised it.



KOHN, THERESA

87 Somerset Street

General. Prospects: Undecided.

We have not heard much of Theresa but we are sure she shall make a success of whatever she undertakes.



KREIE, ALICE

59 Norwood Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business

Swimming Club; Riding Club; Secretary of Literary Club; Secretarial Club; Membership Committee of the Literary Club; Senior PIVOT Board.

Alice's personality has made her liked by all.



KULIS, ANNA

169 Clinton Place

Arts. Prospects: Business.

"She that has a rosy cheek,
Has happy eyes that smile and speak."

Swimming Club; Riding Club; Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medal.

Anna is a friend of everyone. Her jolliness will be missed at Central.

THE PIVOT



KURTZ, SAM

745 South 12th Street

General Latin. Prospects: U. of Michigan

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

Vice-President of Latin Club; Treasurer of Law Club; Pub. Committee; Senior PIVOT Board; Cast in "A College Town"; Dante Literary Society; Boys' Service Club; Pub. Com.; Central Music Club; Alumni Reunion Com. of Service Club.

The loss of Sam's jollity and good humor will be keenly missed by all.



LANZA, EMMA MARIA

256 Orange Street

General Spanish. Prospects: Normal

"Only conscious knowledge makes one truly wise to help
herself and others."

President of Dante Literary Society; Secretary of Dante Literary Society; Treasurer of Dante Literary Society; Swimming Club; Riding Club.

Emma is the quiet sort, but a fine student and a loyal friend.



LEVITT, IDA

109 Leslie Street

Arts. Prospects: Normal

"Good luck be with thee."

Archon Club; Choral Club.

Ida is an earnest worker and a good student.



LEWANDOWSKI, GABRIELLE

325 South Seventh St.

Commercial German. Prospects: Business

"Her smile is like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky."

Orchestra '24, '25; Constitutional Committee of Central Music Club; Secretarial Club; Underwood Typewriting Medal; Skyrockets; Swimming Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Basketball Team; Riding Club; Armory Ex.; Chess and Checker Club.

Gabrielle's a good friend to have a good time and laugh with. Her pleasant smile is well known by everyone.



LONDA, ROSE

309 Springfield Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"A quiet mind is richer than a crown,
"Her voice is soft, she utters ne'er a sound."

Secretarial Club; Literary Club; Swimming Club.

Rose is one of our sweetest girls. We wish her luck in all she does.



LYNE, PEARL A.

72 Barclay Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. J. College for Women

"I do as I will, and care not what others do."

President of Secretarial Club; Secretary of Secretarial Club; Service Club; Underwood Typewriting Medal; Swimming Club; Choral Club; Literary Club.

Pearl has been a good worker and has attended strictly to business.



MASON, LOUISE

55 Finley Place

Commercial French. Prospects: Business

"Who mizes sport with pleasure,
And mixes both well."

Basketball Team '22, '23; 4C Entertainment Committee; Swimming Club.

Louise has been very active and efficient in all athletic work.



MEDOFF, IRVING

73 Monmouth Street

General German. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Business through and through."

Orchestra '23, '24, '25.

Irving is noted for his good music.

THE PIVOT



MENDEL, RUTH

76 Sixteenth Avenue

Commercial French. Prospects: Business

"Why worry about tomorrow when today is bright and clear."

Literary Club; Basketball Team; Secretarial Club; Riding Club; Armory Ex.; Senior PIVOT Board, Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medal.

It would do everyone a bit of good if he had a particle of Ruth's care-free nature.



RIBNER, DOROTHY

305 Sixteenth Avenue

Arts. Prospects: Fawcett Art School

"Silence is virtue."

Archon Club; Honor Roll Committee; Art Editor of PIVOT.

Although much has not been heard from Dotty, she has done much for the good of her Alma Mater.



ROBBINS, MORRIS

18 Hillside Avenue

College Prep. Prospects: N. J. Law

Morris is well liked by his friends because of his willingness to help others.



ROSEN, IDA

295 Springfield Avenue

Comercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"Fair without, faithful within."

Girls' Service Club; Treasurer of Secretarial Club; Swimming Club; Riding Club; Treasurer of 4B Class; Cast of "A College Town"; 4B Entertainment Committee; Senior PIVOT Board.

Personality and beauty have won her popularity.



ROTHMAN, MINNIE

106 Watson Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"Nothing is more useful than silence."

Central Music Club; Girls' Service Club; Literary Club; Secretarial Club; Senior PIVOT Board.

A very capable and studious girl. May her life be as successful as her high school career.



ROTHSTEIN, SALLY

240 Peshine Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects Business

"A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud."

Secretarial Club; Literary Club; Swimming Club; Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medal.

Sally is known for her charming personality. It has won her many friends at Central.



SAIBER, SAMUEL S.

275 So. Orange Ave.

General. Prospects: University of California

"Music is the universal language of the soul."

Central Orchestra; Service Club; Central Music Club; Dante Literary Society; Cast of "A College Town," Choral Club.

Sam is known in Central for his sweet music. He certainly will be missed.



SANGIOVANNI, JOSEPH

80 Hoyt Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

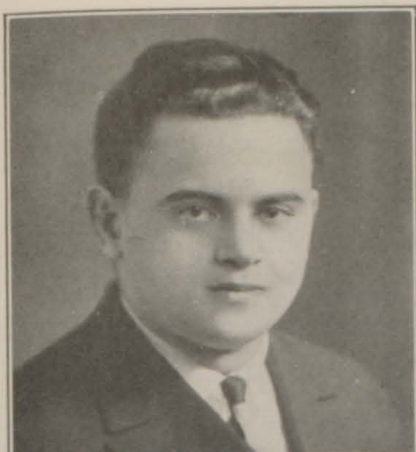
"Men of few words are the best men."

Boys' Service Club; Secretarial Club; Dante Literary Society; Swimming Club; Football Squad '22, '23; Class Relay '22, '23.

Joseph is very quiet but accomplishes a great deal.

THE PIVOT

EDITOR OF THE PIVOT



SCHWARTZ, HUGH

305 Hunterdon Street

General German. Prospects: College

"The name that dwells on every tongue."

"Editor-in-chief" of the PIVOT; Ch. Literary Dept. PIVOT; Sport Editor PIVOT (2); City Dept. PIVOT; Vice-President Swimming Club; Treasurer Rifle Club; Football Squad; Track Squad; Class Relay (2); President 4C Class; President 4B Class; Cast of "A College Town"; Students Aid Society; Cheer-leader; Secretary Service Club.

Hugh shall be missed by both student and faculty. His good school spirit and service shall never be forgotten.



SILVER, FAE

39 Eckert Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

"She has a voice of gladness."

Fae's cheery voice will be missed by those who are left behind.



SMALL, SAM

562 South 12th Street

Technical. Prospects: Business

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

Vice-President of Technical Club; Secretary of Math. Club; Ch. of Pin and Ring Com. of 4B Class; Treasurer of Archon Club; Science Club; Radio Club; Vice-President of Rifle Club; Senior PIVOT Board.

Sam had better watch out, for he is being pursued by the opposite sex.



SNIPPER, EVA

133 Livingston Street

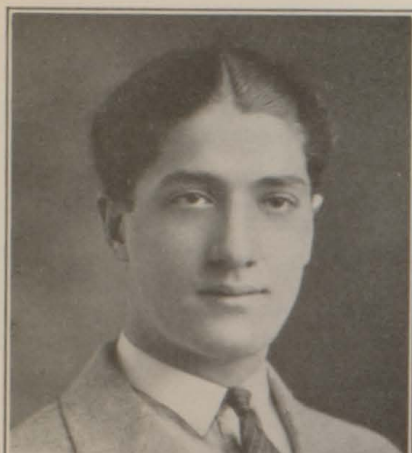
Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"Always striving for other's good."

Secretarial Club; Literary Club; Swimming Club; Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medal.

Eva is a model student and a true friend.

THE PIVOT



TOSCANO, JERRY

47 High Street

Technical. Prospects: Business

"Tall and silent like a sentinel."

Technical Club; Math. Club; Chemistry Club; Corporal-Lieut. of Rifle Club; Rifle Team; Orchestra '22; Radio Club.

As a rule, Jerry has little to say, but he is known as a studious chap with a liking for good times as well as any other boy.



VALLARIO, ROSE

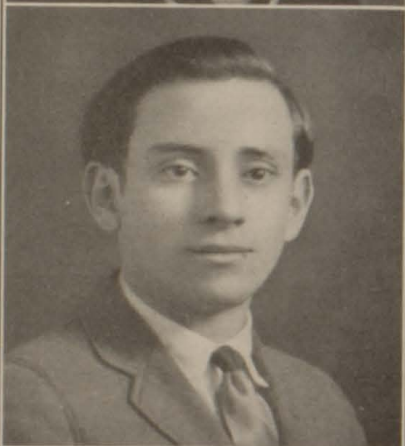
196 Highland Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"With reproof on her lip and smile in her eye."

Literary Club; Dante Literary Society; Senior PIVOT Board.

Rose has lost nothing and gained much during her school career. She has also done good work for the PIVOT.



WEISSMAN, JAMES I.

643 South Belmont Avenue

General Spanish. Prospects: Columbia

"Cherrily then my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can."

Students' Aid Society; Spanish Club; Ch. of 4C Prom Committee; Ch. of 4B Financial Committee; Cast of "A College Town"; Senior PIVOT Board; Dante Literary Society.

"Jimmie" has been one of the hardest workers for the school. What shall we do without him?



WILLIAMS, ALICE

14 Second Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. J. Law

"When not studying, she talks."

Girls' Swimming Club; Gym Ex.; Literary Club; Secretarial Club; Underwood Typewriting Medal.

Alice is one of our many hard workers of whom little is heard though much is accomplished.

THE PIVOT

BISCHOFF, LOUIS

403 Bergen Street

College Prep. Prospects: N. Y. U.

A hard worker both for his Alma Mater and in his studies.

STRECKER, PAUL FRANK

36 South 20th Street

College Prep. Prospects: College

Paul is a quiet student but will surely make a success in all his undertakings.

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If you are dissatisfied with the food you are getting come and see us.

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SENIOR SLAMS

NAME	OTHERWISE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	AILMENT	CURE	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH	DOOM
1—Adelman, Rose	Rosie	Hair	Boys	Ralph	Ask Dad	Old Maid.....1
2—Asarnow, Hyman	Hymie	Hair	Clubs	Mr. Conowitz	(?)	Auctioneer.....2
3—Asarnow, Louis	Skelly	Height	Basketball	Jazz	Blushed	Fireman.....3
4—Barbato, Frank	Frankie	Form??	History	Diploma	3 extra rounds	Taxi Driver.....4
5—Bender, Mary	May	Teeth	M. F.	Marriage	Studied	Housewife.....5
6—Bennett, Red	Izzy	Hair	Sports	Books	Surprised	Scientist.....6
7—Bischoff, Louis	Louie	Jolliness	?	(?)	Studied	Professor.....7
8—Bogotko, Helen	Bugsie	Quietness	Noise	Dances	Worked	Nurse.....8
9—Braelow, Florence	Flo	Form	Weight	Gym	Attempted	Toe Dancer.....9
10—Breining, Nelson	Nelly	Height	Biology	Physics	Good boy	Biologist.....10
11—Brody, Nathan	Half Pint	Beauty	Noise	Physics	Scared teachers	Circus Midget.....11
12—Burnett, Willard	Bill	Smile	Track team	Dances	Ran	Olympic Champ.....12
13—Chick, Rae	Chickie	Smile	Gym	Library	Exercise	Gym Teacher.....13
14—Chinsky, Dora	Dor	Blush	Quietness	Noise	cranned	Wife.....14
15—Dershowitz, Sol	Derbie	Hair	Blushing	Loving wife	Usual way	Bartender.....15
16—D. Nardo, Nick	Nick	Shyness	Violin	Harmonica	Played	Artist.....16
17—Erhlich, Nelson	Sonny	Coat	Talkative	Desert Island	He'll never tell	Love Pirate.....17
18—Feinerman, Bertha	Bert	Freckles	Molly Klein	Beau	Midnight oil	Teacher.....18
19—Forella, Julius	Jul	Dress	Girls	Boys	Cranned	Professor.....19
20—Frank, Jess	Jesse	Girls	Esther Y.	Short fat woman	Skipped	Musician.....20
21—Goldberg, Esther	Essie	Curly hair	Talkative	T. N. T.	Looked innocent	Dairy Maid.....21
22—Goldberg, Sadie	Sae	Eyes	Mr. H.	Marriage	Secret	Mathematician.....22
23—Goodman, Ruth	Ruthie	Voice	Talks	Gag	Tried	Old Maid?.....23
24—Handleman, Rose	Rosie	Height	Quietness	Love	Stuttered	Bookkeeper.....24
25—Feinberg, Betty	Bebe	Walk	Biology	History	Walked	Soap box orator.....25
26—Hanretty, Helen	Helen	Small feet	Singing	Dr. Smith	Sung through	Music teacher.....26
27—Herold, Maurice	Morry	Height	Girls	A blonde	Kicked	A wife.....27
28—Hoffman, Margaret	Margy	Smile	Quiet	Jazz	Teacher's pet	Grass widow.....28
29—Jablonski, Helen	Dodo	Lipstick	Clothes	Poverty	Smiled	Wife of a professor.....29
30—Janu, Marie	Dutchess	Grim	Overstudy	Vocation	Grinned	Circus dancer.....30
31—Kaplan, Fanny	Fay	Curly	Artie C.	Marriage	Cranned	Stenog.....31
32—Katz, Pauline	Paula	Noise	Wise cracks	Sleep	Played around	Gold digger.....32
33—Klein, Max	Kenneth M.	Hair	Stories	Dances	Wrote	2nd Shakespeare.....33
34—Klein, Molly	Mol	Cleverness	Books	H. A.	Studied	Home for the overworked.....34
35—Katzin, Sadie	Sae	Looks	Boys	Profession	Labored	Henpecked husband.....35
36—Kohn, Theresa	Tess	Blush	Boys	Nun	Talked	Bald-headed man.....36

SENIOR SLAMS---Concluded

NAME	OTHERWISE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	AILMENT	CURE	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH	DOOM
37—Knopf, Alma	Al	Shiny nose	Quiet	Dynamite	Notebook	Telephone operator37
38—Kulis, Anna	Ann	Hair	Boys	Marriage	Worked	A shiek38
39—Kreite, Alice	Al	Face	Cross-word puzzles	Snappy stories	Ask Dad	Errand girl39
40—Kurtz, Samuel	Sgm	Face	Paterson	Newark	Studied	A wife40
41—Lanza, Emma	Ehmiie	Too shy	Nunnery	Boys	Teacher's pet	Secretary41
42—Levitt, Ida	I	Figure	Eats	Gym	Squeezed	Stenog.42
43—Lewandowski, G.	Gaby	Bashful?	Girlish	Pep	Who knows	Old maid43
44—Londa, Rose	Rosie	Complexion	Quietness	Boys	Delayed	Teacher44
45—Lyne, Pearl	Pearl	Stature	Stenog.	Zoology	Vamped	Model45
46—Mason, Louise	Lou	Walk	Athletics	Studies	Punched	Gymnastics46
47—Medhoff, Irving	Irv	Plump	Saxophone	Dances	Blew	Band leader47
48—Mendel, Ruth	Mendy	Dimples	Height	Gym	Tried	Shirt waist model48
49—Pfeiffer, Kate	Katie	Size	Typing	Shorthand	Overlooked	Stenog.49
50—Ribner, Dorothy	Dotty	Smile	Art	Danced	Drew	Artist50
51—Robbins, Morris	Morry	Color	Question	Originality	So so	Lawyer51
52—Rosen, Ida	I	Beauty	Boys	E. S.	Vamped	Marriage52
53—Rothman, Minnie	Min	Quiet	No Pep	T. N. T.	Ask Dad	Mrs. (?)53
54—Rothstein, Sally	Sal	Size	Make up	Soap and water	Vamped	Spaghetti model54
55—Saiber, Samuel	Sam	Complexion	Fiddle	Girls	Wonder?	Violin teacher55
56—Sangiovanni, J.	Joey	Height	Brief case	Love	Luck	Golf champion56
57—Schwartz, H.	Major	Voice	Temper	Marriage	Cheered	Ham actor57
58—Semel, Blanche	Blanchie	Hair cut	Tardiness	108	Tried	Stenog.58
59—Sheldon, Charles	Charlie	Sweetness	Athletics	Noise	Ask Miss Bailey	Sheik59
60—Silver, Fanny	Fae	Shy	Modesty	Marriage	Stepped	Wife60
61—Skolnick, E.	Grub	Form	Gym	Girls	School spirit	Collegiate player61
62—Small, Sam	Sammy	Smile	Jokes	Love	worked	Harem62
63—Snipper, Eva	Snippy	Shiny nose	Sheldon	Love	Ran through	Tooth Pick Model63
64—Strecker, P.	Stretch	Kindness	Service Club	Married life	Derved	Dancing64
65—Toscano, Jerry	Jerry	Height	Gym	Girls	On his name	Heart breaker65
66—Vallario, Rose	Rosie	Quiet	Books	Diploma	Pull	Librarian66
67—Weissman, J.	Jazz	Obliging	Dancing	Girls	Flew	Sewing teacher67
68—Williams, A.	Al	Smallness	Bashful	Boys	Dreamed	Neglected68

To High-School Graduates—

Whatever you plan to do after graduation—whether you plan for college or business—your mental development must continue.

Pace Institute is a distinctive private school of professional grade. Day and evening courses in Accountancy and Business Administration prepare high-school graduates for immediate earnings in business and in Accountancy. Many graduates who have acquired experience are now treasurers and controllers of large corporations—others are in successful Accountancy practice.

Field trips to the offices and plants of the largest organizations in New York City are a unique characteristic of the work of the Institute. The Registrar is always glad to confer with high-school graduates and their parents.

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VINCENT NICODEMI

Habardasher

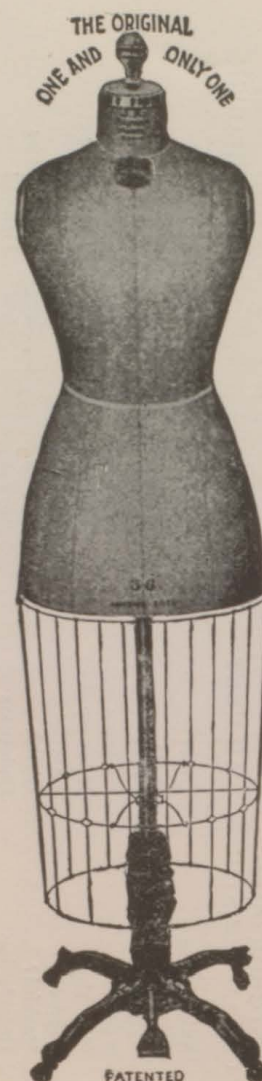
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and CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
OF NEWARK

NOTHING MORE PRACTICAL
USED

THE PIVOT

THE SENIOR PROPHECY

By Dore Schary

The hours drag slowly in the calm humid climate of India, and I was finding the days not the least exciting.

The weeks of interesting travel were beginning to lag, and not having anything else to do, I decided to clear my trunks of useless baggage.

On rummaging through the drawers, I came upon an exceedingly old publication, named the PIVOT; it instantly roused memories, long dormant, and I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to see what my classmates of 1925 were now doing. This wish seemed futile, but I suddenly brought to mind the promise of an old Hindu fakir I had once befriended. I hastily donned my shantung jacket and sun helmet, hired a rickshaw, and was soon at the dwelling of my Hindu acquaintance. After I had told what I wanted to see, my friend, Hamed Ali, opened a gorgeous lacquer chest and drew from it a large crystal. Hamed placed it on a rug in the center of the room and mumbled a few prayers. Then he told me to look and here in detail, is what I saw:

A great auditorium first greeted my eyes, and the entire place was placarded with brilliant posters telling of a violin recital by Samuel S. Saiber. I noticed that his business manager was Willard Burnett. The auditorium was called by the name of another one of my classmates, Louis Bischoff. The placards also announced the coming recital of the master pianist, Nelson Ehrlich.

At that spot a huge traffic policeman was on duty, and I had no trouble recognizing Morris Robbins. Just then a touring car hove into sight bearing a husky looking driver, who was Frank Barbato. The painted car informed me that he was employed as a cross-continental race driver. A tea shop across the way boasted three beautiful girls as waitresses, who were Mary Bender, Rose Adelman, and Theresa Kohn. A sailor next appeared, and I instantly knew him to be Julius Forcella. Then came an undertaker's wagon and the name on the side was one I immediately knew, Jess Frank. It seemed strange to think of Jess as an undertaker.

The scene shifted to a street in Newark, and I saw in front of a rug store two men quarreling. They were Samuel Kurtz and Irving Piltch. It seems that they were arguing over the date in which the War of 1812 was fought. They were dressed in firemen's uniforms.

Then I noticed that Proctor's had as a headliner the famous female impersonator, James Weissman. Nick Di Nardo, the eminent violinist, and Nathan Brody were also on the bill. Four very pretty ushers were entering. They were Anna Kulis, Bertha Feinerman, Ellen Crane, and Dora Chinsky. I noticed that the doorman was no other but Jacob Schrull.

Hugh Schwartz was running a successful cigar store in the same building, and next door was a beauty shop owned by Sadie Katzin. In the offices of the "Daily Call", I noticed Max Klein, Newark's foremost prosecutor, telling Charles Sheldon, a cub reporter, the details of the famous Gorinisht Vert case, which he had tried and won. In a Salvation Army group on Washington Street I saw Alice Kreie, Rose Vallario, and Jerry Aoscano. Alice Williams owned a hosiery shop on Market street, and Esther Goldbery had a dress salon nearby.

I was shocked to see Louis Asarnow running around wild, for he had jestingly proposed to Madame Good Luck, and she had accepted him—Oh Luck.

Then Central appeared before me, and in the school I saw Hyman Asarnow teaching history to embryo seniors. Isadore Bennett was running the elevator. Helen Bogotko was cooking-teacher, and Nelson Breining had charge of the woodwork department. They had gone home to roost. I was wildly surprised to see that the corner store was managed by ——— who served a mean "ham on wheat." Next I spied a dancing school run by Rose Londa, Pearl Lyne, and Ruth Mendel, who were three prominent toe-dancers.

A suffragette meeting next greeted my vision with Minnie Rothman, Ida Rosen, and Blanche Semel arguing a crowd of angry women, among whom I noticed Sadie Goldberg, a lady detective. Ruth

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The scene shifted to a street in Newark, and I saw in front of a rug store two men quarreling. They were Samuel Kurtz and Irving Piltch. It seems that they were arguing over the date in which the War of 1812 was fought. They were dressed in firemen's uniforms.

Then I noticed that Proctor's had as a headliner the famous female impersonator, James Weissman. Nick Di Nardo, the eminent violinist, and Nathan Brody were also on the bill. Four very pretty ushers were entering. They were Anna Kulis, Bertha Feinerman, Ellen Crane, and Dora Chinsky. I noticed that the doorman was no other but Jacob Schrull.

Hugh Schwartz was running a successful cigar store in the same building, and next door was a beauty shop owned by Sadie Katzin. In the offices of the "Daily Call", I noticed Max Klein, Newark's foremost prosecutor, telling Charles Sheldon, a cub reporter, the details of the famous Gorinisht Vert case, which he had tried and won. In a Salvation Army group on Washington Street I saw Alice Kreie, Rose Vallario, and Jerry Aoscano. Alice Williams owned a hosiery shop on Market street, and Esther Goldbery had a dress salon nearby.

I was shocked to see Louis Asarnow running around wild, for he had jestingly proposed to Madame Good Luck, and she had accepted him—Oh Luck.

Then Central appeared before me, and in the school I saw Hyman Asarnow teaching history to embryo seniors. Isadore Bennett was running the elevator. Helen Bogotko was cooking-teacher, and Nelson Breining had charge of the woodwork department. They had gone home to roost. I was wildly surprised to see that the corner store was managed by ———— who served a mean "ham on wheat." Next I spied a dancing school run by Rose Londa, Pearl Lyne, and Ruth Mendel, who were three prominent toe-dancers.

A suffragette meeting next greeted my vision with Minnie Rothman, Ida Rosen, and Blanche Semel arguing a crowd of angry women, among whom I noticed Sadie Goldberg, a lady detective. Ruth

THE PIVOT

Goodman, a well-known artist, was an interested spectator.

Then I was shown a hospital with Sally Rothstein in the capacity of head nurse, and Sam Small, as a famous surgeon. The ambulance driver was a big, husky fellow whom I once knew as Paul Strcker.

A parade of beauties next caught my eye, and I saw that the first five prizes were awarded to former Centralities, the girls were Louise Mason, Katherine Pfeiffer, Charlotte Planck, Dorothy Sibner, and the international beauty, Ida Levitt.

At Olympic Park Pool were the two best fancy divers in the world, Gabrielle Lewandowski and Rae Chick. Solomon Dershowitz was giving an exhibition of swimming skill. I caught a glimpse of the Essex County Jail, where I saw Joseph San Giovanni as warden. Next I espied Emma Lanza as conductor-ette on a trolley car.

Then, winging through the air, came a large by-plane controlled by the daring aviatrix, Gertrude Milkman. I next saw Fae Silver, Esther Silverman, and Eva Enipper as owners of the greatest lamp and novelty store in Newark. A flashy roadster sped by driven by the able hands of Alma Knopf who, was in

the millinery business with Helen Hanretty. A large radio store on Halsey street was ably managed by the radio genius, Maurice Herold.

My vision faded, then cleared, and I saw three ideal telephone operators busy chewing gum, reading the latest novel, and answering calls at the same time. These three marvels were Mollie Klin, Theresa Kohn, and Rose Handelman. Marguerite Hoffman I saw as the proud mother of twenty children. Helen Jablonsky was being proclaimed as the newest find in the motion pictures. I discovered that Fannie Kaplan was a prominent woman lawyer.

I saw Max Kaplan battling for the lightweight championship of the world, and the last thing I saw as everything crumbled and faded were two girls distributing gum to passersby. They were Marie Janu and Pauline Katz.

That is just what I saw; the crystal may have lied, but I must wait till I return to America. I thanked Hamed, and left with a satisfied feeling of joy.

L'Envoi.

Kind friends, don't be angry, for as the famous philosopher, Babe Ruth, one said: "It is all in jest."

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CLASS WILL

(Prologue)

The anticipation of the students of Central High School had at last given way to actual fact. March 1925 had come and with it had brought melancholy and sadness for Central. For this accursed day was responsible for the departure of the Class of February, 1925. In the auditorium of the school grim silence ruled; yet his rule was broken occasionally by sobs. Upon the platform sat Mr. Wiener and Mr. Miller, both dressed in the deepest of mourning. Finally, Mr. Wiener stepped forward and gave a heartrending talk about the class. Exactly at the stroke of eight, Mr. Miller wended his way toward the front of the platform and read the case of all this depression, the Last Will and Testament of the Class of February, 1925.

* * * *

We, the graduates of the famous Class of February, 1925, upon our departure from this illustrious and immortal home of learning, being sound in mind and body, (as our teachers may well testify) and fully possessed by the importance of this document, do draw up this, our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I.—We bequeath to all of you who follow us in this incomparable school, our most revered and beloved Alma Mater, and we sincerely believe that to its lot will fall such a happy and prosperous future, as no school has ever yet enjoyed.

ARTICLE II.—To those who need guidance and helpful advice, we leave our most highly respected and beloved principal, Mr. William Wiener, whose fine mind and great heart have brought success to Central High.

ARTICLE III.—We bequeath to the pupils of our Alma Mater the benevolence and wise counsel of our most excellent advisor, Mr. Joseph Miller.

ARTICLE IV.—To all our budding Shakespeares and to all those who have literary aspirations, we leave our world-renowned PIVOT, so that they may try to equal or improve the sagacity and wit which we have poured therein. (May they have success in this impossible task!)

ARTICLE V.—To all future PIVOT boards we bequeath the earnest and efficient help of the PIVOT advisors, without whose help this issue and others before it would have been impossible. Their unwavering efforts to help have truly been appreciated.

ARTICLE VI.—We bequeath to the students the extreme pleasure of listening to the budding orators and the talented musicians of our school orchestra. This transient enjoyment is given especially for those who have tests the first period.

ARTICLE VII.—We bequeath to the student body in general and to the Service Clubs, in particular, the organ fund, which under our wise guidance and generous liberality has been swelled to many thousand dollars, and hope they will soon bring it to completion, so that the sonorous peals of the great organ may ere long be heard in assembly.

ARTICLE VIII.—Tho those of you in Room 208, who are gifted with a fine imagination, we give the joy of imagining the trials their fellow classmates are undergoing above you in that room of horrors, 311.

ARTICLE IX.—We bequeath to Mr. Wardell the lovely task of giving rest and quietude to those woodenheaded people who insist on reflecting on their actions in that room of rooms, 108.

ARTICLE X.—To all ambitious students who desire to get up with the rooster we leave the pleasure of learning Greek with Mr. Packard, at eight o'clock.

THE PIVOT

ARTICLE XI.—To all future 4A's who desire long strings of activities after their dignified and worthy names in the PIVOT, we leave our everful clubs.

ARTICLE XII.—Lastly, we bequeath to all future Centralites all opportunities and benefits, which, though we did our duty toward securing, we have not enjoyed.

In witness whereof we hereto set our hand and seal
this twenty-eighth day of January, in the year of our
Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-five.

(Signed) MOLLY KLEIN,
RUTH GOODMAN,
Attorneys-at-Law.

Witnesses:

Hugh Schwartz.
Chas. Sheldon.

MORNING FORUM (Continued from page 42)

Cooperman, Rose — "The Yellow Streak." You delivered a very interesting talk in an interesting manner.

Bender, Mary — "Courtesy." Yours was the kind of talk that does us good to listen to. We certainly admire your masculine voice.

Abromowitz, Rose—"Leadership Among Women." You certainly held the attention of the girls.

Jan. 21—Geller, Ida—"The Twin Arts." Yours was one of the best talks this term.

Jan. 23—Frank, Jess—"The Science of Skeeing." Your talk contained quite a bit of interesting information.

Klein, Molly—"The Far West Comes to Central." In vain did I look for criticism. It was not to be found in your splendid talk.

Freefeld, Ben—"The New Age of Aluminum." You delivered your talk in a snappy manner.

Jan. 27—Krauss, Al—"Life of Sir Richard Steele." Your poise was good, but your speech was somewhat marred by your indifferent tone.

Goldberg, Sol—"The Development of Physical Education." You spoke clearly and distinctly.

Demerjian, Haig—"A Message." You could speak a little more impressively. However, the case with which you speak is to be admired.

Nusbaum, Gladys—"Honor Roll Pins." Yours was one of the inspiring talks which we are always delighted to hear.

THE PIVOT

CLASS BALLOT

Most Popular (Girl)

Charlotte Planck
Molly Klein

Most Popular (Boy)

Hugh Schwartz
Charles Sheldon

Best Looking (Girl)

Ida Rosen
Charlotte Planck

Best Looking (Boy)

Samuel Small
Nelson Breining

Best Dresser (Girl)

Helen Jablonski
Sadie Katzin

Best Dresser (Boy)

Louis Asarnow
Samuel Small

Best Worker (Girl)

Molly Klein
Kate Pfeiffer

Best Worker (Boy)

Hugh Schwartz
James Weissman

Best Dancer (Girl)

Helen Hanretty
Charlotte Planck

Best Dancer (Boy)

James Weissman
Eli Scolnick

Athletic Girl

Louise Mason
Rae Chick

Athletic Boy

Willard Burnett
Eli Scolnick

Best All-around Girl

Pearl Lyne
Molly Klein

Best All-around Boy

Hugh Schwartz
Nick Di Nardo

Quietest Girl

Rose Vallario
G. Lewandowski

Most Obliging Girl

Emma Lanza
B. Feinerman

Most Obliging Boy

Nick Di Nardo
Willard Burnett

Best Mixer (Girl)

Charlotte Planck
Rae Chick

Best Mixer (Boy)

Nelson Ehrlich
Hyman Asarnow

Most Conceited Girl

Helen Jablonski

Most Conceited Boy

Hugh Schwartz

Most Boyish Girl

Rae Chick

Most Girlish Boy

J. Weissman

Class Vamp

Helen Jablonski

Class Sheik

Hugh Schwartz

Class Baby

Florence Braelow

Baby Boy

Charles Sheldon

Teachers' Pet (Girl)

Molly Klein

Teachers Pet (Boy)

Nelson Ehrlich

Quietest Boy

Nick Di Nardo
Joe. Sangiovanni

Noisiest Girl

Marie Janu
Pauline Katz

Noisiest Boy

Eli Scolnick
Nathan Brody

Laziest Girl

Helen Jablonski
Ida Rosen

Laziest Boy

Eli Scolnick
Willard Burnett

Jolliest Girl

Helen Hanretty
Anna Kulis

Jolliest Boy

Samuel Small
Eli Scolnick

Wittiest Girl

Alice Kreie
Molly Klein

Wittiest Boy

Max Klein
Charles Sheldon

Class Orator (Girl)

Betty Feinberg

Class Orator (Boy)

Max Klein

Biggest Bluffer (Girl)

Rae Chick
Fanny Kaplan

Biggest Bluffer (Boy)

Nathan Brody
Eli Scolnick

Most Studious Girl

Molly Klein
Alice Kreie

Most Studious Boy

Max Klein
Charles Sheldon

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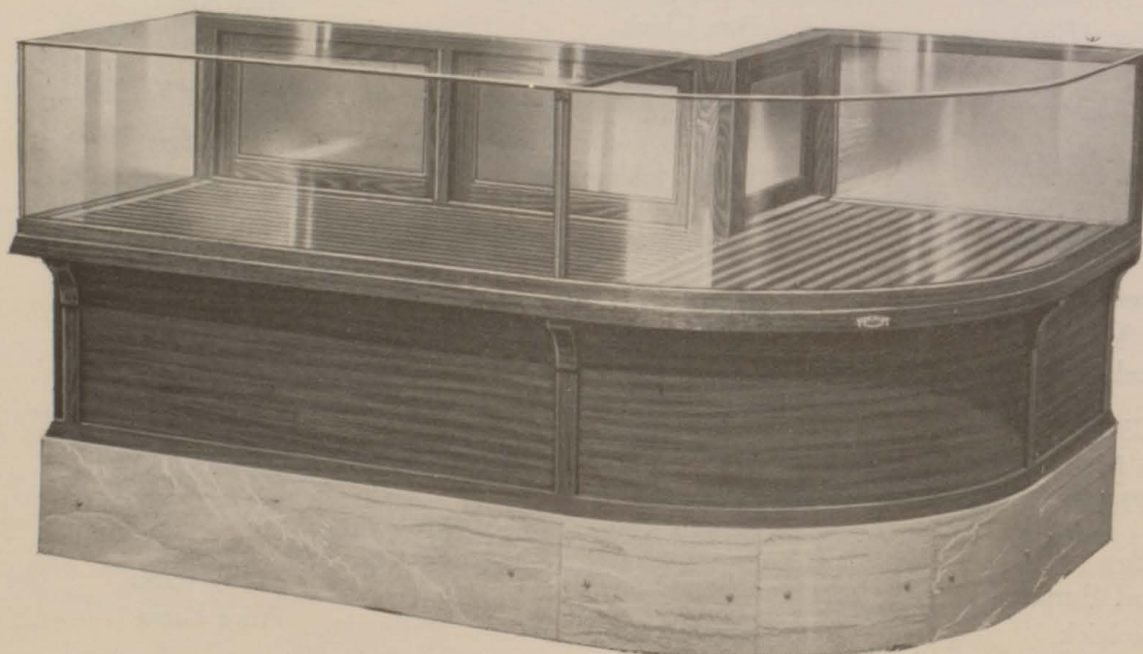
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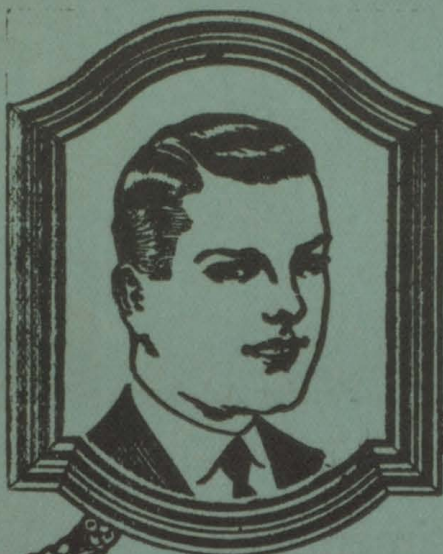
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